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OH, CALL ME HOME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Did I not tell thee at the first,
Too dear and ardent friend,
Did I not well foretell thee
How this was all to end?

I sit alone and far from thee:
The clock is striking four,
And, with a start and thrill, I see
Thy spirit at my door.

With well known form and smiling face,
It mocks my yearning heart—
A word, a motion of my hand,
Will cause it to depart.

How hard, when every other friend
May linger near thy side,
That I, for only loving thee,
In exile must abide.

I thought to meet thee gladly yet,
Free from disturbing fear;
I had a wild, sweet dream, in which
Once more my love was near.

Oh! call me home to thee, my love,
Oh! hide me in thy breast;
There keep me till my dying day,
Sheltered and owned and blest.

THE MYSTERY:

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTER,"
"DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE
RED COURT FARM," & C.

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CHAPTER VII.

MR. AND MRS. HEMMON.

Ten days went by; ten unhappy days. I spent most of my time with Miss Delves, seeing scarcely anything of Mr. Edwin Barley. Part of the time I think he was over at his brother's, but now and then I met him in the passages or the hall. He would give me a nod, and pass by. I cannot describe my state of feeling, or how miserable the house appeared to me: I was as one unsettled in it, as one who lived in constant discomfort, fear, and dread, though of what, I could not define. *Jemima* remarked one day that "Miss Hereford went about mothered: like a fish out of water."

The will had never turned up, and probably never would; neither was any clue given to the mystery of its disappearance. Mr. Edwin Barley was as good as his word, and instituted a thorough search of the house, but it was not found. Meanwhile rumors of its loss grew fire in the household and in the neighborhood: whether the lawyer talked, or whether Mr. Barley, and thus set them about, was uncertain, but it was thought to have been one or the other. I know I had said nothing; neither, beyond doubt, had Mr. Edwin Barley. When an acquaintance would ask him about it, whether it was true, he answered yes, it was true so far as that Mr. Gregg said his late wife had made a will which could not be found; but his belief was that she must have destroyed it again, for he could not suspect any of the servants of tampering with their mistress's private drawers. Once Mr. Edwin Barley called me to him.

"Are you quite sure," he asked, in a stern tone, "that you did not reopen the cabinet yourself, and do anything with the parchment?"

"I never opened it again, sir, after my aunt told me to put it in. If I had, she must have seen me. And I could not have done so," I added, recollecting myself, "for she kept the bunch of keys under her pillow."

"Did you know what it was that she gave you to put in?"

"She did not tell me what it was; but she had said to *Jemima* that it was her will, and I was in the room, and heard her."

"And you positively did not touch it! I know children are given to curiosity and to mischief."

"Indeed I did not, sir. Why should I?"

"I don't see why, myself," he answered, as he dismissed me. "But she was the only one who knew the spot where the will was placed," he muttered aloud, as if in soliloquy with himself.

"I say," whispered *Jemima* to me confidentially, "it's an odd thing about that will!"

I nodded.

"And I don't half like it, I can tell you that, Miss Hereford. They may turn round and say next that I made away with it—being the

only one in the house who was told of the secret."

"But, *Jemima*, they are not likely to say that. The taking the will would not have done you any good, so why should they think it was you?"

"Well, that's the argument I hold with myself, Miss Anne. The will could benefit nobody, but you; it would be worth no more to 'em than 40 much waste paper. It's said that yours was the only name writ in it."

"I don't think it will ever be found, *Jemima*."

"I'm sure I can't say. Mr. Edwin Barley will be all the better for it, if it's not."

"Will he?"

"Will he? why of course he will. Don't you know it, miss? If *Miss Delves* died without leaving a will, all she had gone to him. I know all about it, bless you; for folks' tongues are busy enough over it."

"But *Jemima*, you—you—do not think he took the will—that the money might be his?"

"Hush! I wouldn't say such a thing. And I don't think it, neither. He is fond of money, is Mr. Edwin Barley, as is well known, but it's not likely he'd go and defraud a poor little orphan of the trifle left to her. A man in great need might do such a thing, but hardly a rich gentleman. Why, it is said that he comes into forty thousand pounds by the death of Philip King."

Jemima's argument told upon my mind, and from that moment I felt less sure that Mr. Edwin Barley was the one who had touched the will.

But how long was I to remain in that desolate house? Forever? It was a question I asked myself every hour in the day. At length an answer came to it. One evening, it was the Tuesday week after my aunt's death, I was seated at tea with *Miss Delves* in her parlor, when she suddenly asked me whether I was ready to take a long journey on the morrow. The color flushed into my eager face as I answered,

"Oh, yes, I am ready! Where am I going, *Miss Delves*?"

"Have you not an aunt living in Dashleigh, a Mrs. Hemmon?"

"She is not my aunt. She was cousin to mamma and to my aunt Selina."

"I thought it was an aunt—she was a Miss Carew, at any rate. You are going there?"

A chill of disappointment fell upon me. Mamma, and especially Selina, had spoken slightly of Mrs. Hemmon, quite sufficiently so to prejudice a young mind against her. I am not sure that I looked upon her as precisely an ogre with claws, but it was something akin to it.

"There! Am I going there?"

"You will start by the ten o'clock train from Nettleby, and arrive at Dashleigh at two," said Charlotte Delves, showing no commiseration, and probably unconscious that I required any. "I think it's fine to be you, young lady, travelling alone from one place to another, at your age!"

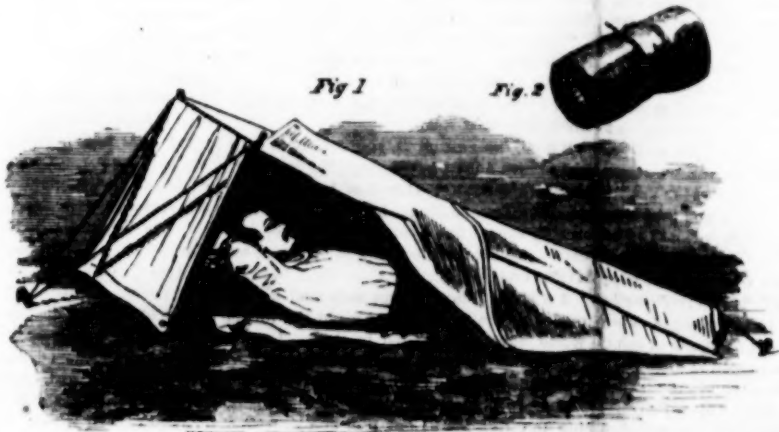
"Am I to stay there for good?" I asked, after a blank silence.

"For a very little while, I expect; you must soon be placed at school. Mrs. Edwin Barley told me there was no choice left, as regarded that; your mamma left directions in her will."

We were interrupted, for the door opened, and a man servant appeared at it.

"Master is asking for Miss Hereford, miss."

IMPROVED PORTABLE TENT.



Any man who has slept in the open air on a rainy night, can appreciate the value of a tent that will keep him dry, and if such a tent can be made of so small bulk that it can be carried on a knapsack, and of less than three pounds in weight, probably every soldier would be willing to carry one for the sake of its shelter. The tent here illustrated was invented by E. C. Williams, of Jersey City, N. J., and is designed to be carried on the back of a soldier, for whose exclusive use it is appropriated. Its length is six feet four inches; width at top, 34 inches; width at bottom, 2 feet 9 inches; height at the head, 27 inches; height at the foot, 10 inches; weight, all complete, 2 lbs. 6 oz. to 2 lbs. 8 oz. When rolled up, the size of the roll is 34 inches in diameter, and 18 inches in length. It can be carried either in or on the knapsack, and can be erected in less than one minute. It will shed rain perfectly, and severe storms will not blow it over.

The braces which support the head are made with joints in the manner of a fish rod, so as to be readily taken apart and rolled up inside of the canvas. Application for a patent for this light, compact, and efficient shelter has been made through the Scientific American Patent Agency, and further information in relation to it may be obtained by addressing the assignee, James Flanagan, No. 474 Broadway, New York.

he said, addressing Charlotte Delves. "She is to go up to him in the dining-room."

What could he want? It was the first time he had ever sent for me. I jumped to the conclusion that the will was found, and went with alacrity, even though it was into the presence of Mr. Edwin Barley. He was sitting at the desert-table, some wine before him, and beckoned me to him.

"Has Charlotte Delves informed you that you will depart to-morrow?"

"She has just told me, sir."

"Here are one or two trinkets of your aunt Selina's that you may be glad to have," he continued, putting a small box in my hands. "Do you think you can take care of them until you are of an age to put them on?"

"I will take great care of them, sir. I will lock them up in the little desk mamma gave me, and I wear the key of it round my neck."

"Mind you do take care of them," he rejoined, with some emotion; "if I thought you would not, I would never give them to you. She was too dear to me, for me to give away aught of hers where it would not be treasured. And these things, recollect, are of value," he added, touching the box, "they are not child's toys. Take them up to your room and put them in your trunk."

"If you please, sir," I hesitated, on the threshold, wishing yet disliking to put the question, "has the will been found?"

"It has not. Why?"

"Because, sir, you asked me if I had taken it; you said I was the only one who knew of the place; and I do not like you to think so, for indeed I did not."

"Be easy, little girl. I do not think you did take it—and to have hidden it or destroyed it would only damage yourself. I live in hopes of coming to the bottom of the mystery yet—and, if I do, you shall know it. Not that it is a mystery to my mind, though others seem willing to magnify it into one. I believe that your aunt changed her intentions, as to the devising of her property, and destroyed the will. Go along; and take a bunch of grapes with you."

Jemima was packing my trunk when I got up stairs, and she shared the grapes and the delight of looking at the contents of the box. My aunt Selina's thin gold chain and her elegant little French watch, two or three bracelets, two or three rings, and a smelling bottle encased in filagree gold—all these treasures were mine. At first I gazed at them with a mixed feeling, in which awe and sorrow held their share; *Jemima* the same; it seemed a profanation to rejoice over what had been so recently hers, but the sorrow soon merged into the moment's seduction. *Jemima* had hung the chain and watch round her own neck, had put on the bracelets, thrust the largest of the rings on her little finger, and was figuring off before the glass. I knelt on a chair looking on in mute admiration, anticipating the time when they would be adorning me, when the voice of Mr. Edwin Barley aroused us. Oh, reader! when we indeed get of an age to wear ornaments, how poor is the pleasure they afford us then, compared to that other early anticipation!

"Anne! I want you."

Jemima, in her hurry, divested herself of the trinkets; I jumped from the chair, and ran down the stairs, expecting nothing less than that the precious things were about to be wrested from me again. Mr. Edwin Barley took my hand and led me into the dining-room, sitting down and holding me before him.

"Anne, you are a sensible little girl," he began, "and will understand what I say to you. The events, the tragedies which have happened in this house since you came to it, are not pleasant, they do not bring honor, either to the living or the dead. Were every thing that occurred to be rigidly investigated, a large share of blame would be cast to you with your aunt Selina. It is a blame that I would have spared her had she lived, so far as it was in my power; and I would doubly spare it her, as it is. For that reason I was silent; I held my tongue, burying all that I could in oblivion. Will you do the same, for her sake?"

"Yes, sir. I should like to do so."

"That is right. Henceforth, if people should question you, you must know nothing; tell them that what passed you were not cognizant of. In short, be wholly silent upon the subject. Remember, child, I speak for Selina's sake."

"What did he want?" asked *Jemima*, when I went upstairs again.

"It was nothing about the presents, *Jemima*," was my answer. "Put the chain on me, please, and let me see myself."

A full hour did we stand over those ornaments, taking it in turn to be decorated. I believe *Jemima* was as lost in delight as I was. *Miss Delves's* angry message, brought up by Sarah, interrupted the pleasure; we sent to inquire whether *Jemima* had gone to sleep.

And I believe I have nothing more to relate with regard to my sojourn at the house of Mr. Edwin Barley, beyond the fact that Mr. Henneage had not been captured, neither could he be tracked. The next morning *Miss Delves* and I were driven to Nettleby there she placed me in a first-class carriage, under charge of the guard, to be conveyed to Dashleigh.

Two o'clock was striking as the train steamed into Dashleigh station. I was not sure at first that it was Dashleigh, and in the uncertainty did not get out. Several people were on the platform, waiting for the passengers the train might bring. One lady in particular attracted my notice, a most ladylike, pleasant-looking woman, with a sweet countenance, tall and graceful. There was something in her face that put me in mind of mamma. She was looking attentively at the carriages, one after another, when her eyes caught mine, and she came to the door.

"I think you must be Anne," she said, with the sweetest smile and kindest voice. "Did you not know I should be here? I am Mrs. Hemmon."

That Mrs. Hemmon! that the ogre with claws! In my utter astonishment I never spoke or stirred. The guard came up.

"This is Dashleigh," he said to me. "Are you come to receive this young lady, ma'am?"

Mrs. Hemmon did receive me with a warm embrace. She saw to my luggage, and then put me in a fly to proceed to her house. A thorough gentleman was she, although she had married a linen draper, a lady in appearance, mind and manners. But it seemed to me a great puzzle how she could be so.

It was a large, handsome shop, and seemed to contain several shopmen, as well as customers. The fly passed it and stopped at the private door. We went through a handsome passage, and up a handsome staircase, into large and well-furnished sitting rooms. My impression had been that Mrs. Hemmon lived in a hovel, or, at the best, in some little dark sitting-room behind a shop. Up stairs

again were the nursery and bedrooms, a very large house altogether. There were six children, two girls who went to school by day, two boys out at boarding school, and two little ones in the nursery. In the yard behind were more rooms, but these were occupied by the young men engaged in the business, with whom Mrs. Hemmon appeared to have nothing whatever to do.

"This is where you will sleep, Anne," she said, opening the door of a room which had two beds in it. Frances and Mary sleep here, but they can occupy the same bed, while you stay. Make haste and get your things off, my dear, for the dinner is ready."

I soon went down. There was no one in the drawing room then, and I was looking at some of the books on the centre table, when a gentleman entered: he was tall, fair, handsome; a far more gentlemanly man than any I had seen at Mr. Edwin Barley's, more so than even George Henneage. I wondered who he could be.

"My dear little girl, I am glad you have arrived in safety," he said, cordially taking my hand. "It was a long way for them to send you alone."

How could they have prejudiced me against him? but perhaps when Selina spoke, she had no personal knowledge of him. I had been surprised at Mrs. Hemmon, but I was far more so at the sight of him, her husband. In the town where I came from there lived a little linen draper (little as to person, means, and establishment), with cross eyes, a shabby coat, and given, people said, to cheat; since Selina mentioned Mr. Hemmon's trade to me, I had associated him, in my own mind, with that other. Well educated, good and kind, respected in his native town, and making money fast, Mr. Hemmon, to my ignorance, was a world's wonder.

"Is she not like Ursula, Frederick?" exclaimed Mrs. Hemmon, holding up my chin. "You remember her?"

He looked at me with a smile. "I scarcely remember her. I don't think Ursula ever had such eyes as those. They are worth a king's ransom; and they are honest and true."

We went into the other room to dinner, a plain dinner of roast veal and ham, and a damson tart, all nicely cooked and served, with a well-dressed maid servant to wait upon us. Altogether the house seemed thoroughly well conducted; a pleasant, plentiful home, and where they certainly lived as quiet gentlemen, not for show, but for comfort. Mr. Hemmon went down stairs after dinner, and we returned to the drawing room.

"Anne," Mrs. Hemmon said, smiling, "you have appeared all amaze since you came into the house. What is the reason?"

I colored very much; but she pressed the question. "It is a better house than I expected, ma'am."

"What! did they prejudice you against me?" she laughed. "Did your mamma do that?"

"Mamma told me nothing. It was my aunt Selina. She said you had raised a bar between—between—"

"Between myself and the Carews," she interrupted, filling up the gap I had come to. "They say I lost caste in marrying Mr. Hemmon. And in one sense I did. But—do you like him, Anne?"

"Very, very much. He seems quite a gentleman, like papa was."

"He is a gentleman in all respects, save one; but that is one which people of family cannot get over, rendering it impossible for them to meet him as an equal. Anne, when I became acquainted with Mr. Hemmon, I did not know he was in trade; not that he intentionally deceived me, you must understand, he is of strict honor, incapable of deceit, but it fell out so. We were in a strange place, both far away from home, and it was alluded to by neither of us. By the time I heard who and what he was, a silk mercer and linen draper, I had learnt to value him above all else in the world. After that, he asked me to be his wife."

"And you agreed?"

"My dear, I first of all sat down and counted the cost. Before giving my answer, I calculated which I could best give up, my position in society as a gentlewoman and a gentleman's daughter, or Frederick Hemmon. I knew that slighted would be my portion if I married him; that I should descend for ever in the scale of society, must leap the great gulf which separates the gentle woman from the tradesman's wife. But I knew I should find my compensation in him. I have never repented the step; I find more certainly, year by year, that if I threw away the shadow, I grasped the substance."

"Oh, but surely you are still a gentlewoman?"

"My dear, such is not my position. I have put myself beyond the pale of what the world calls gentility. But I counted all that before-hand, I tell you, and I put it from me bravely. I weighed the cost well, and it has not been more than I bargained for."

"But indeed you are a gentlewoman," I said earnestly, the tears rising to my eyes at

what I thought injustice, "I can see you are."

"Granted, Anne. But what if others do not accord me the place? I cannot visit genteel people or be visited by them. I am the wife of Mr. Hemmon, a retail trader. This is a cathedral town, too; and, in such, these distinctions are bowed to in an ultra degree."

"But is it right?"

"Quite right; perfectly right. If you have been gathering from my words that I cast reproach to it, or grumble at it, you are in error. I do not see that society, as it is constituted in England, could get along without these distinctions; and persons who pretend not to regard them, or who rail at them, show very little sense. I repeat, child, I sat down and counted the cost; and I grow more willing to pay it year by year. But, Anne, dear—" and she laid her hand impressively on my arm—"I would not recommend my plan of action to others. It has answered in my case; for Mr. Hemmon is a man in a thousand; but in nine cases out of ten it would bring unhappiness, repentance, bickering. Nothing can be more productive of misery generally, than an unequal marriage."

I did not quite understand it; it was hardly to be expected I should.

"Has there been any cost to you?" I presently asked.

"Yes. One part of the cost will always remain—as a sort of incubus. It is not only that I have put myself beyond the pale of my own sphere, but I have entailed it on my children. My girls must grow up what they are: let them be ever so refined, ever so well educated, a barrier lies across their path: in visiting, they must be confined to their father's class; they can never expect to be sought in marriage by gentlemen. Wealthy tradespeople, professional men they may stand a chance of; but gentlemen, in the strict sense of the term, never."

"Will they feel it?"

"No, oh no. That part of the cost is alone mine. I have taken care not to bring them up to view above their station. But, Anne—to change the subject—what were the details of that dreadful tragedy at Mr. Edwin Barley's?"

"I cannot tell them," I answered with a rushing color.

"Poor child! I suppose they kept you in ignorance. Well, I am thankful that they did, for its remembrance would have colored your after life. But could they not save Selina?"

"No—for she died. Mr. Edwin Barley says he knows she was treated wrongly."

"Hilfled Selina! Were you with her when she died, Anne?"

"I was with her the night before. She was a great deal better then, and thought she should get well. That is, she would have thought it, but for the warning."

"For the what?" asked Mrs. Hemmon.

"Mamma appeared to her before she died. She said the Carews—"

"Child, be silent!" imperatively interrupted Mrs. Hemmon, with a change of color. "How could they think of inquiring you with their superintendents? Has the man who committed the murder been heard of?"

"Not yet. Mamma had the same warning, Mrs. Hemmon."

"He quiet, I say, child!" she exclaimed, in a tone of emotion. "These subjects are totally unfit for you. Mind, Anne, that you do not allude to them before my little girls; they will be home from school at five, and be delighted to make acquaintance with you. You are going to school yourself next week, have you heard that?"

"To a school in Dashleigh?"

"Yes. The trustees have at length decided it, and I shall be at hand, in case of your illness, or anything of that sort. Had your aunt Selina lived, you would have been placed at Nettleby."

"Where am I to spend the holidays?"

"At school. It is to Miss Fenton's that you are going."

"Is that where Frances and Mary go?"

"No," she answered, a smile crossing her lips. "They would not be admitted to Miss Fenton's."

"But why?"

"Because she professes to take none but gentlemen's daughters. A linen draper's living in the same town, would not do at any price. It will be a condescension," she laughed, "that Miss Fenton allows you to dine with us once in a way."

"Perhaps she will not take me," I breathlessly said.

"My dear, she will be very glad to do so. You are the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Hereford."

It was a happy week, that at Mrs. Hemmon's.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS FENTON'S SCHOOL. THE BURNT GIRL.

And now came school life; school life that was to continue without intermission until I was eighteen years of age. Part of these coming years were spent at Miss Fenton's;

the rest at a school in France. It is very much the custom to cry down French school establishments, to contrast them unfavorably with English ones. They may deserve the censure; I do not know; but I can truthfully say that so far as my experience goes, the contrast is on the other side.

Miss Fenton's was a "select Establishment," styling itself a first-class one. I have often wondered whether those less select, less expensive, were not more liberal in their arrangements. There were fourteen girls in all, the number professed to be taken, but never once, during my stay, was the school quite full; when I entered there were nine, I made the tenth; Miss Fenton, an English teacher, a French teacher, who taught German also, and masters. Miss Fenton herself took nothing, that I saw, but the music; she was about five-and-thirty, tall, thin, and very prim.

"You will be well off there, my dear, in regard to living," Mrs. Hemson had said to me. "Miss Fenton tells me her pupils are treated most liberally; and that she keeps an excellent table. Indeed, she ought to do so, considering her terms."

"Of course I thought I should be treated liberally, and enjoy the benefits of the excellent table. But you shall judge."

We got there just before tea time, six o'clock. Mrs. Hemson, acting for my trustees, had made the negotiations with Miss Fenton; of course she took me to school, stayed a few minutes with Miss Fenton, and then left me. When my things were off, Miss Fenton rang the bell.

"You shall join the young ladies at once," she said to me; "they are about to take tea. You have never been to school before, I think?"

"No, ma'am. Mamma instructed me." "Have the young ladies gone into the refectory?" Miss Fenton inquired, when a maid servant appeared.

"I suppose so, ma'am" was the answer. "The bell has been rung for them."

"Desire Miss Linthorn to stop hither." Miss Linthorn appeared, a scholar of fifteen or sixteen, very upright. She made a deep courtesy as she entered.

"Take this young lady and introduce her," said Miss Fenton. "Her name is Hereford."

We went through some spacious, well-carpeted passages, whose corners displayed a chaste statue or a large plant in beautiful bloom, into some shabby passages, uncarpeted. Nothing could be more magnificent (in a moderate, middle-class point of view) than the show part, the company part of Miss Fenton's house; nothing much more meagre than the rest.

A long, bare table, with the tea tray at the top; two plates of thick bread and butter, very thick, and one plate of thinner, the English teacher pouring out the tea, and the French one seated by her side, and eight girls lower down; that was what I saw on entering a room that looked cold and comfortable.

Miss Linthorn walked up to the teachers and spoke.

"Miss Hereford."

"I heard there was a new girl coming in to-day," interrupted a young lady, lifting her head, and speaking in a rude, free tone.

"What's the name, Linthorn?"

"Will you have the goodness to behave as a lady—if you can, Miss Glynn?" interrupted Miss Dale, the English teacher. "That will be your place, Miss Hereford," she added, to me, indicating the end of the form, below all the rest. "Have you taken tea?"

"No, ma'am."

"Qu'elles sont impolies, ces filles anglaises!" muttered Mademoiselle Leduc to the English teacher, with a frowning glance at Miss Glynn.

"It is the nature of school girls to be so, mademoiselle," pithily responded Miss Glynn. "And I beg to remind you that we are not under your charge when we are out of school in the evening; therefore, whether we are 'impolite' or 'polite' it is no affair of yours."

Mademoiselle Leduc only half comprehended the words; it was as well she did not. Miss Dale administered a sharp reprimand, and passed me my tea. I stirred it, tasted it, and stirred it again.

"Don't you like it?" laughed a girl who was next to me; Clara Webb, they called her.

I did not like it at all, and would rather have had milk and water. So far as flavor went, it might have been hot water colored, was sweetened with brown sugar, and contained about a teaspoonful of milk. I never had any better tea, night or morning, so long as I stopped; but school girls get used to these things. The teachers had a little black teapot to themselves, and their tea looked good. The plate of this bread-and-butter was for them.

A very handsome girl with light eyes, craned her neck forward and stared at me. Some of the rest followed her example.

"That child has nothing to eat," she exclaimed. "Why don't you hand it to her, Webb?"

Clara Webb presented the plate to me; it was so thick, the bread-and-butter, that I hesitated to take it, and the butter was scraped upon it in the most niggardly fashion; but for my experience at Miss Fenton's, I should never have thought it possible for butter to have been spread so thin. The others were eating it with all the appetite of hunger. The slice was too thick to bite conveniently, so I had to make as well as I could, listening—how could I avoid it—to a conversation the girls began among themselves in an under tone. The teachers were conversing together at the top, taking no notice of them.

"Hereford? Hereford?" debated the handsome girl, and I found her name was Taylor.

"I wonder where she comes from."

"I know who I saw her with last Sunday, when I was spending the day at home. The Hemmons."

"The Hemmons!" interrupted some indignant voices, whilst I felt my own face turn to a glowing crimson. "What absurd nonsense you are talking, Glynn!"

"I tell you I did. I knew her face again the moment Linthorn brought her in. She came to our church with them, and sat in their pew."

"I don't believe it," coldly exclaimed an exceedingly ugly girl, with a prominent mouth. "As if Miss Fenton would admit that class of persons! Glynn is playing upon our credulity; like she did, do you remember, about that affair with the prices. We want some more bread and butter, Miss Dale, may we ring?"

"Yes, if you do want it," replied Miss Dale, turning her face from mademoiselle's to speak.

"Betsey, stop a moment, I have something to ask you," suddenly called out one dressed in mourning, leaping over the form and darting after the maid, who was departing with the plate in her hand. A whispered colloquy ensued close to the door, half in, half out of it; close to me, for it was near the door I sat.

"I say, Betsey, do you know who the new pupil is?"

"Not exactly, miss. Mrs. Hemson brought her."

"Mrs. Hemson! There! Glynn said so! Are you sure?"

"Sure? Law, yes! Mrs. Hemson has been here several times this last week or two, miss; I knew it was about a new pupil. And she brought her to-night; she gave her half a crown, too, and told me to be kind to her. A nice lady is Mrs. Hemson."

"I dare say she may be, for her station," haughtily responded her hearer, who stalked back, strode over the form, and resumed her seat.

"I say, girls—I have been asking Betsey—come close." And they all huddled their heads together. "I thought I'd ask Betsey, she says she does come from the Hemmons. Did you ever know such a shame?"

"It can't be, you know," cried the one with the large mouth. "Miss Fenton would not dare to do it. Would my papa, a prebendary of the cathedral, allow me to be placed where I could be associated with tradespeople?"

"Ask Betsey for yourself," retorted their informant. "She says Mrs. Hemson brought her just now."

"Nonsense about asking Betsey," said Nancy Taylor, "ask herself. Come here, child," she added, in a louder tone, beckoning to me.

I went humbly up, behind the form, feeling very humble, indeed, just then. They were nearly all older than I was, and I began again to think it must be something really lowering to be connected with the Hemmons.

"Are you related to Hemmons, the shopkeepers?"

"Yes. To Mrs. Hemson. Mamma was—"

"Oh, there, that will do," she unceremoniously interposed, with a scornful gesture.

"Go back to your seat, and don't sit too close to Miss Webb; she's a gentleman's daughter."

Now, reader, you may be slow to believe this, but I can only say it occurred as I have written it. I returned to my seat, a terrible feeling of mortification having passed over my young life.

They never spoke to me again that evening. There was no supper, and at half past eight we went up to bed. There were three smallish beds in the room where I was to sleep, and one large one with curtains round it. The large one was Miss Dale's, and two of us, I found, shared each of the smaller ones; my bedfellow was Clara Webb. She was a good humored girl, more careless upon the point of "family" than most of the rest seemed to be, and did not openly rebel at having to sleep with me. Miss Dale came up for the candle after we were in bed.

The bell rang at half past six in the morning, our signal for getting up—we had to be down by seven. There were studies till eight, and then breakfast, the same wretched tea, and the same course bread-and-butter.

At half past eight Miss Fenton read prayers, and at nine the school business commenced. At ten mademoiselle was assembling her German class. Seven only of the pupils learnt it; I rose and went up with them, and was rewarded with a stare.

"What will be the use of German to her?" rudely cried a Miss Peacock, a whole torrent of scorn directed to me in her tone. "I don't fancy she is to learn it, mademoiselle, it may be as well to inquire."

Mademoiselle looked at me, hesitated, and then put the question to Miss Fenton, her imperfect English sounding through the room.

"Dis new young lady, is she to learn de German, madam?"

Miss Fenton directed her eyes towards us.

"Miss Hereford? Yes. Miss Hereford is to learn everything taught in my establishment."

"Oh!" said Nancy Taylor, sotto voce—"Are you to be a governess, pray, Miss Hereford?"

A moment's hesitation between pride and truth, and then with a blush of shame in my cheeks for the hesitation, came the brave answer.

"I am to be a governess; mamma gave the directions in her will. What fortune she left is to be expended upon my education, and she said there might be no better path of life open to me."

"That's candid, at any rate," cried Miss Peacock.

We dined at two; and I don't suppose but what every girl was terribly hungry, after the scanty eight o'clock breakfast; a pernickious habit, rely upon it, that of making children wait till two for dinner, after a poor breakfast at eight. We had to dress for dinner, which was laid in Miss Fenton's dining-room, not in the bare place called the refectory; Miss Fenton dining with us and carrying. It was handsomely laid, a good deal of silver on the table, and two servants waited, Betsey and another; indeed, the style and serving were superior. The dinner consisted of roast beef; a part of beef I had never seen; it seemed a large lump of meat and no bone.

Very acceptable looked it to us hungry school girls! "We shall have plenty now," I thought.

My plate came to me last; took a little mite of meat, and three large potatoes! I could well have put the whole piece of meat in my mouth at once. Did she fancy I disliked meat? But upon looking at the other plates, I saw they were no better supplied than mine was; heaps of potatoes, but an apology for meat.

"Would we take more?" Miss Fenton asked, when we had despatched it. And the question was invariably put by her, every day; we as invariably answering Yes. The servants took our plates up, and brought them back; I do not believe that the whole meal combined, supplied to us in that second serving, would have weighed two ounces. Pates again we had, as much as we liked, and then came a baked rice pudding.

Miss Fenton boasted of her plentiful table. That there was a plentiful dinner always placed on the table was indisputable, but we did not get enough of it. We were starved in the sight of plenty. I have seen a leg of mutton leave the table (say, they always so left the table) when two heavy eaters might well have eaten all there was cut out of it, and upon that the whole thirteen had dined! I, a woman grown now, have seen much of this stingy, deceitful habit of carrying, not only in schools but in some private families.

"We keep a plentiful table," many, who have to do with the young, will say. "Yes," I think to myself, "but do those you profess to feed, get helped to enough of it?" The scanty breakfast, this dinner, and the tea I have described, were all the meals we had; and this was a "select," "first-class" establishment, where the terms charged were high. Miss Fenton took her supper at eight, alone, and the teachers supped at nine in the refectory; rumors were abroad in the school, that these suppers, or at least Miss Fenton's, were sumptuous meals. I know we often smelt savory cooking at bed time. Sometimes we had pudding before meat, often we had cold meat, sometimes hash, often meat pies, with a very thick crust over and under; I do not fancy Miss Fenton's butcher's bill could have been a heavy one. In low-priced schools this niggardly style of treatment may be justifiable; where parents pay but little, the cheaper sort of food may be expected to be substituted for wholesome meat; but where the pupils are fairly paid for it, it is nothing less than a fraud upon the parent, and a cruel wrong upon the child. A child who is not well nourished, will not possess too much of rude health and strength in after-life.

That was an unhappy day to me; how I was despised, slighted, scorned, I cannot adequately describe. It was so palpable as to attract the attention of the teachers, and in the evening they inquired into the cause. Mademoiselle Leduc could not by any force of reasoning be brought to comprehend it; she was unable to understand why I was not as good as the rest, and why they should not deem me so; society in France and in England is differently constituted, and the ideas brought to bear on it, in the separate countries, have little relation, the one with the other.

"Bah!" said she, slightly, giving up as useless the trying to comprehend, "elles sont folles, ces demoiselles!"

Miss Dale held a colloquy with the rest, and then called me up. She began asking me questions about my studies, what mamma had taught me, how far I was advanced, all in a kind, gentle way; and she parted my hair on my forehead, and looked into my eyes.

"Your mamma was Mrs. Hemson's sister," she said afterwards.

"Not her sister, ma'am, her cousin."

"Her cousin, was it?" she resumed after a pause. "What was your papa?" I heard Miss Fenton say you were an orphan."

"Papa?"

"I mean what was he? In trade?"

"He was an officer in Her Majesty's service."

"Of what grade? Lieutenant Hereford?"

"He was Colonel Hereford."

"Colonel Hereford?" she quickly returned, looking at me as though she doubted I was in error. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, Miss Dale. He was Lieutenant Colonel Hereford."

"And your mamma, my dear?" she pursued, "do you know what her name was before she married?"

"Mamma was a lady," I answered, with a deep flush. "She was Miss Carrow. Mrs. Hemson was Miss Frances Carrow; but she gave up her position to marry Mr. Hemson."

Miss Dale paused, said she remembered to have heard it, and then, breaking into a smile, called up two of the young ladies who were standing near. They happened to be Miss Taylor and Miss Peacock.

"When next you young ladies take a prejudice against a new pupil, it may be as well for you to be more assured of your grounds than you have been, I fancy, in this case," she observed to them, in a tone of sarcasm.

"You have been sending Miss Hereford to Coventry, on the score of her not being your equal in point of family; were she older, perhaps she would retaliate by sending some of you. If it came to the proof, there is scarcely one in the school but she would take precedence of. Her father was Lieutenant Colonel Hereford. Don't make guess of yourselves again."

"But—she—Mrs. Hemson is her aunt," it appeared, replied Miss Dale; "Mrs. Hemson is cousin to her late mother. Mrs. Hemson is a lady by birth; she forfeited her position when she married Mr. Hemson. Take care that none of you make an imprudent marriage, for you perceive that such causes trouble to connections; as it would inevitably do to yourselves."

Miss Dale dismissed them, and turned to the French governess.

"Pretentious children!" she uttered, "I wonder how they like the explanation? Miss Peacock especially, whose friends are in trade themselves?"

"Betsey" was all mademoiselle condescended to answer. But the words had struck upon my ear and senses. Miss Peacock's friends in trade! then why the outcry against me for being connected with the Hemmons? Miss Dale explained. "Not in retail trade, my dear. Mr. Peacock is a large manufacturer. They live in a fine house outside the town; live as gentlemen, you see, keeping their carriage and servant."

The two young ladies had gone forth with their news to the school, and the tide set in for me as strenuously as it had before set in against me. The avowal that I was to be a governess appeared to be completely ignored, or forgotten; perhaps it was not believed; and the elder girls began a system of patronage.

"How much money have you got, little Anne Hereford?"

I exhibited my purse. It contained three half-crowns. One had been given me by Miss Delves, the other two by Mrs. Hemson.

"Seven-and-sixpence, that's not much," quoth they. I suppose you'd wish to act according to the custom of the school?"

"Of course I intimated that I should—if I knew what that was."

"Well, the custom is, you see, for a new girl to give a feast to the rest. We have it in the bedroom after Dale has been for the candle. Ten shillings has been the sum usually spent—but I suppose your three half-crowns must be made sufficient; you are but a little one."

I wished to myself that they had left me one of the half-crowns, but could not for the world have so intimated to them. I wrote out a list of the articles suggested, and gave the money to one of the servants, it was Betsey, to procure them; doing all this according to directions. Cold beef and ham from the eating-house, rolls and butter, penny pork pies, small German sausages, jam tarts, and a bottle of raisin wine comprised the list.

Betsey smuggled the things in, and conveyed them to the play-room. Strict orders meanwhile being given to me to say that I brought them to school in my box, should the affair, by mischance, be found out. It would be so cruel to get Betsey turned out of her place, they observed; but they had held many such treats, and never been found out yet.

Miss Dale came as usual for the candle that night, and took it. For a few minutes we lay still as mice, and then sprang up and admitted the rest from their bedroom. Half a dozen wax tapers were lighted, abstracted from the girl's private writing desks, and half a dozen more were in readiness to be lighted, should the first not hold out. And the feast began.

"Now, Anne Hereford, it's your treat, so of course you are the one to wait upon us. You must go to the decanter for water when we want it, and listen at the door against eaves-droppers, and deal out the rolls—By the way, how many knives have come up? Look, Peacock."

"There's only one. One knife and two plates; well, we'll make the sheet do for plates; or our hands."

"Our hands will be best, and then we can lick up the crumbs. Is the corkcrew up for the wine?"

"I have got that," said Clara Webb.

"Hush! don't talk so loud; they are hardly at supper yet. Down stairs," cried Miss Taylor.

"Now, mind; we'll have no disputes what shall be eaten first, like we had last time: it shall all be served out regularly. Beef and ham to begin with; pork pies and sausages next; jam tarts last; rolls and butter ad libitum, to fill up the interstices; water with the feast, and the wine to finish up with. That's the order of the day, and if any girl's not satisfied with it, she can retire to bed, which will leave the more for us who are. You see that wash-hand stand, Anne Hereford; well, the water's on that, and you had better put a taper near it, or you won't see to pour it out, and will be giving yourself a bath. Now, then, I'll be carver."

She cut the ham into ten portions, the beef likewise, and told me to give round a roll. Then the rolls were cut open and buttered, various devices being improvised for the latter necessity, by those who could not wait their turn for the knife; tooth-brush handles and fingers not being altogether absent. Next came the delightful business of eating.

"Get some water, Anne Hereford."

I obeyed, though it was just as I was about to take the first bite of the feast. Laying down my share on the counterpane, I brought the tumbler of water.

"And now, Anne Hereford, you must listen at the door."

"If you please, may I take this with me?" for I had once more caught up the tantalizing supper.

"Of course you can, little stupid!"

I went to the door, the beef and ham doubled up in one hand, the buttered roll in the other, and there eat and listened. The scene would have made a good picture. The distant bed on which the tables were flung, and on which the tapers in their little bronze stands rested, and the girls in their nightgowns gathered round, half lounging on it, talking eagerly, eating ravenously, enjoying themselves thoroughly; I shivering at the door, delighted with the feast, but half terrified lest interruption should come from below. That unlucky door had no fastening to it, so that any one could come, as the girls expressed it, bolt in. Some time before there had been a disturbance, because they had one night locked out Miss Dale, upon which Miss Fenton had carried away the key.

"Our beef and ham's nearly gone, Anne Hereford. Is yours?"

It was Georgina Digges who spoke, and she half turned round to do so, for she was leaning forward on the bed with her back to me. I was about to answer, when there came a shrill scream from one of the others, a scream of terror. It was followed by another and another, until they were all screaming

together, and I darted in alarm to the bed. Georgina Digges, in turning round, had let her nightgown sleeve touch one of the wax tapers, and set it on fire.

Oh, then was confusion! the shrieks rising and the flames with them. With a presence of mind perfectly astonishing in one so young, Nancy Taylor tore up the bedside carpet and flung it round her.

"Throw her down, throw her down! It is the only chance!" Nancy screamed to the rest, and there she was on the ground by the time those down stairs had rushed up. Some smothered more carpet on her, some threw a blanket, and the cook further poured out all the water from the wash-hand jug.

"Who is it?" demanded Miss Fenton, speaking and looking more dead than alive.

None of us answered; we were too much terrified; but Miss Dale, who had been taking hurried note of our faces, said it must be Georgina Digges—her face was the only one missing.

I wonder what Miss Fenton thought when she saw the items of the feast as they lay on the bed! The scanty remains of the beef and ham, the buttered rolls half eaten, others ready to butter, the pork pies, the German sausages, the jam tarts, and the bottle of wine. Did it thought cross her that if the girls had been allowed better dinners, they might have been less eager for stolen suppers? She had probably been disturbed at her good supper, for a table napkin was tucked before her, underneath the string of her silk apron.

"You deceitful, rebellious girls!" Miss Fenton uttered. "Who has been the ringleader in this?"

A pause, and then a voice spoke from the midst of the huddled group of girls—whose voice I did not know then, and have never known to this day.

"The new girl, Anne Hereford. She brought the things to school in her box."

Miss Fenton looked round for me: I was standing quite at the back. I had not courage to contradict the words. But just then a commotion arose from the group which stood round the burnt girl, and Miss Fenton turned to it in her sickening fear.

The doctors came and we were consigned to bed, Georgina Digges being taken into another room. Happily she was found not to be dangerously burnt, badly on the arm and shoulder, but no further.

Of course there was a great row in the morning. Mrs. Hemson was sent for, and to her I told the truth, which I had not dared to tell to Miss Fenton. The two ladies had afterwards an interview alone, in which I felt sure Mrs. Hemson repeated every word I had spoken. Nothing more was said to me. Miss Fenton made a speech in the school to us collectively, setting forth the enormity of our offence in "sitting up at night to gormandize," (apologizing for the broad word) and forbidding it absolutely for the future.

Thus the affair ended. Georgina Digges recovered, and joined us in the school room; and she was not taken away, though we had thought she would be. But, in spite of the accident and Miss Fenton's prohibition, the feast at night did go on, as often as a new girl came to be made to furnish one, or when the school subscribed a shilling each, and constituted it a joint affair. One little wax taper did duty in future, and that was placed on the mantelpiece, out of harm's way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JOKES FROM "VANITY FAIR."

NEAT FOR ABRAHAM.—"It is reported," said Secretary Cameron to President Lincoln, the other day, "that Jeff. Davis says he will before the Fourth of July, place the Confederacy's Coat of Arms over the White House door."

"The Confederacy's Coat?" said Abraham.

"Yes, sir."

"I should like to see him try it on!" remarked the Chief Magistrate, with stern plainness.

This jest enjoyed great popularity in political circles for several days.

REBELS' FINEST PATRIOTISM.—The first came under our Ban, the second came under our Banner!

SENTIMENTALITY BY A PENNSYLVANIAN.—The reign of Old King Cotton is over; now let us see what we can do for Old King Coal!

LITERARY.—It is reported that Mr. Emerson is about to deliver a series of Lectures in Boston (by way of offset to a series delivered some years ago) entitled "Reprehensible Men," beginning with that distinguished defunctory, James Buchanan.

Which of you is most wrong?
I do declare I am afraid
To say which worse behaves,
The North, imposing lands on Trade,
Or South, that Man enslaves.

And here you are about to fight,
And wage intestine war,
Not either of you in the right;
What simpering you are!

Too late your madness you will see,
And when your passion cools,
"Snakes!" you will bellow, "How could we
Have been such 'tarnal fools'!"

One thing is certain; that if you
Blow out each other's brains,
'Twill be apparent what a few
Each blockhead's skull contains.
You'll have just nothing for your cost,
To show, when all is done,
Greatness and glory you'll have lost
And not a dollar won.

"Bonds on trade"—not a dollar won—
see how even the thoughts of the English
literary Bohemians run to trade, cotton and
the almighty dollar! And then the sensible
advice—make peace, don't fight about no-
thing, &c., as if any nation ever made
stronger efforts to maintain peace than we
have done—not taking up arms until the
question had fairly come to be war or chaos;
until the National Government not only had
been split upon, so to speak, repeatedly,
but kicked and cuffed again and again; until
the world had begun to think both the Govern-
ment and the loyal people either fools or cow-
ards, who could not even be shamed into an
appeal to arms.

Why, it is evident to any clear-headed
man that no possible humiliation on our part
would have satisfied the Secession leaders.—
Had the Government given up Sumter—the
next demand would have been for Pickens.
Had that been given up, the demand would
have been for Key West. Had Key West
been yielded, the demand would have been
for half the Territories—had they been yielded,
the demand would have been for a ren-
dition of all fugitive slaves. And, in propor-
tion as the demands were granted, the Seces-
sionists feeling stronger, and really being
made stronger, would have been still more
peremptory and exacting. War was inevi-
table, in any event, and do what you please.
It was simply a question whether the war
should be postponed until Secession had be-
come legalized, and a power among the na-
tions, with ability to make foreign alliances,
and thus introduce foreign troops into our
midst, to aid first and enslave afterwards, or
whether to fight at once, with a half organ-
ized rebellion on one side, and all the prestige
of a lawful Government on the other. The
hesitation originating in love of peace that
did take place, was mad enough—to have
hesitated longer would have been absolute
insanity.

Suppose the Cotton States should succeed
in establishing a quasi independence, what
good will it do them? Not a particle. They
will naturally form a close alliance, in order
to protect themselves against us, with either
France or England. To form such an alli-
ance, is simply to become the tool and sub-
ject of the power whose assistance is invoked.
It is to force us, in our turn, to maintain a
large army and navy. It is to overthrow ulti-
mately the mild and parental form of govern-
ment which we have so far enjoyed, based on
its great strength, and its distance from dan-
ger, and substitute in its place two armed
and stern republics, ready at any moment for
war. And this is the best, and not the worst
view of it.

Already the London papers talk in so many
words of pitting one American Union against
the other—and of Canada holding the "bal-
ance of power" on this continent. If we are
not greatly mistaken, Canada will never come
into these infamous views of European am-
bition. She will see that the true American
policy points rather to further union as a basis
of everlasting peace on this continent, than to
everlasting isolation and future wars. Canada
have no real interest that is not ours. In
spite of the scene immediately before us, we
hope to see the day when all of North Amer-
ica where the English language is spoken,
will be united in one great Union—local cus-
toms and liberties being effectually preserved
by local legislatures. In the natural order of
events, without hurry and without confusion,
Canada and the United States should ally
themselves together. The Creator evidently
intended them for each other—all their in-
terests, political, social, and monetary, point
that way.

Well, even if forced to give up all our old
sympathy with England and the English peo-
ple, we shall not abandon our faith in the old
English principles. The England of the past
is at least secure. It is not difficult to deter-
mine upon whose side would be arrayed Cromwell
and Hampden and Milton. And though the
sound of their noble voices seems to be no
longer heard in the land they once blessed with
their presence—though cotton-spinning seems
to be now considered the great end of the En-
glish subject, and "opening new fields for our
trade" the great object of the English states-
man—it is pleasant to think, amid all our
troubles, that the men of America are man-
ifesting by their actions at this epoch, that
they are the true sons of those who fought
also a good fight against deluded fellow-coun-
trymen, at Naseby and Marston Moor.

NOT BAD.

A recent letter from an old subscriber in
Mississippi, in the course of which he gave
us a not very flattering piece of his mind
relative to us Northerners generally, winds
up as follows:—

"Should the mails fail entirely, please
send me a batch of the *Posters* now and
then by the troops coming down this
way."

As the mails have already failed entirely,
we shall be unable to send any papers to
Mississippi, except in the manner so coolly
designated by our indignant correspon-
dent.

It is a little curious that the gentleman
in question, does not use the word *diabolical*



THE SEAT OF WAR.

The above diagram will give our readers
an accurate idea of the position of the dif-
ferent localities in Virginia and Maryland, at
and near which the Confederate Army have
troops stationed; also, the location of other
points which have been brought more par-
ticularly into notice since the commencement
of hostilities.

The rapid movements of the troops ren-
ders it impossible to state accurately the
number of men at any of the points, and we
have therefore merely designated the towns
occupied. Virginia having been evidently
selected by the leaders of the Confederate
forces as the battle-ground, every town and
village at which they have concentrated their
men has been strongly fortified, so that when
beaten back they may be protected in their
retreat.

Upon the diagram will also be found de-
noted the position of the different batteries
erected by the Rebels upon Chesapeake Bay
and its tributaries, some of which have this
early in the struggle been the scene of warm
engagements.

On the left hand side of the map, are
marked the towns of Grafton and Philippi,
two villages which have gained considerable
notoriety within the past few days.

Once. Nearly every letter we have recently
received from the seceded States, if it touch-
ed upon politics at all, has had the word
"diabolical" in it—and occasionally several
times. "Diabolical Northern cut-throats,"
as applied to the troops, is a very favorite
expression. To one who knows to what a
set of good humored, orderly, well behaved
fellows this language is applied—as witness
their conduct in Annapolis, Baltimore, Wash-
ington, Alexandria, &c.—such epithets ex-
cite laughter rather than indignation. Of
course when there is any fighting to be done,
they cannot be expected to act like lambs—
but, the conflict over, if they do not scrupu-
lously respect the persons and property of
unoffending non-combatants, we shall be
greatly disappointed in our Northern sol-
diers. We have no fear that they will not
give abundant evidence in their conduct of
the school-houses and the churches which
are found in close neighborhood in every
Northern village.

Too Good to Be True.—There was a
report last week of a misunderstanding be-
tween the Secretary of War and the Presi-
dent, and that Mr. Cameron would resign.
Unfortunately, this report was too good to be
true. The appointment of Mr. Cameron to
so important a position as Secretary of War,
was Mr. Lincoln's first great blunder. The
appointment was very unpopular among the
well-informed people of all parties in this
State—the politicians, greedy for plunder, and
who scented the prey afar off, being its prin-
cipal advocates. Mr. Cameron has been gen-
erally considered in Pennsylvania as "a
man of principle in proportion to his interest,"
and who understands "working the wires."
When the Republican State Convention nomi-
nated him for President, the great mass of
the Republican party thought it must be a
joke—while thousands of its honest and in-
telligent members were disgusted, and almost
tempted to forswear politics altogether. We
do not care to dwell upon this matter, but
what we have said is the simple truth. And
in this connection we may say, that we think
there is more reason to fear enduring harm
to the Republic from the unblushing corrup-
tion that prevails among the leaders of all
our political parties, than from even the pre-
sent dangerous disunion rebellion.

Grafton is a flourishing town in Taylor
county, situated at the junction of the North-
western Virginia Railway with the Baltimore
and Ohio Railroad, 100 miles south-east from
Wheeling, and 108 miles west from Harper's
Ferry.

Philippi is a small town on Tygart's Val-
ley river, about twenty miles south from
Grafton. The main road from Staunton to
Clarksburg runs through the town, and it is
supposed that the principal portion of the
troops engaged in the conflict at this point
on Monday morning, in which Col. Kelley
was wounded, had come up the road from
the former place.

It is the impression of some that Gen.
McClellan's Division will rapidly move east-
ward from this point, and will make an at-
tack upon Harper's Ferry from the west,
simultaneously with an assault from the east-
ward by the troops under Gen. Patterson,
now concentrating at Chambersburg.

At the same time, it is believed a march
will be made upon Richmond, by the troops
now stationed at and in the vicinity of
Washington, and by those at Fortress Mon-
roe.

Richmond, the capital of the State of Vir-
ginia, is situated in Henrico county, and is

located on the James river, at the head of
tide-water. It is beautifully located on the
west side of the river, between fifty and
sixty miles above City Point, and one hun-
dred and fifty above the mouth of the river.
It is directly opposite Manchester, to which
it is connected by two bridges. The situa-
tion is healthy and highly picturesque.
Shoemaker and Richmond hills stand op-
posite each other, and Shoemaker creek passes
between them, and the city is spread over
these hills, and along the margin of the
creek.

In the western division of the city, on
Shoemaker Hill, stands the capitol. It has a
very commanding position, in the centre of
a public square, of an oblong form, contain-
ing about eight acres, ornamented with shrub-
bery, and laid out with gravelled walks. The
population of the city is about 35,000.

The city of Norfolk is a port of entry; it is
located on the right bank of Elizabeth river,
just below the confluence of its two branches,
eight miles from Hampton Roads, and thirty-
two miles from the ocean. It has a court-
house, theatre, marine hospital, banks, cus-
tom house, &c., and a United States Navy
Yard. At the latter is a dry dock, constructed
of heavy granite, which cost \$974,436. The

Dismal Swamp Canal connects Chesapeake
Bay with Albemarle Sound, and opens an
extensive water communication with Norfolk
to the South. The population of the city is
about 30,000.

Harper's Ferry is situated at the junction
of the Shenandoah river with the Potomac
river, at the passage of the united stream
through the Blue Ridge. It derives its im-
portance from being the location of the United
States Arsenal, recently destroyed to pre-
vent its falling into the hands of the Rebels.
It is eighty-one miles from Washington and
one hundred and seventy-three from Rich-
mond.

Fredericksburg is situated on the right
bank of the Rappahannock river, at the head
of tide-water, one hundred and ten miles
above the Chesapeake, and on the Richmond,
Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, sixty
miles from the former place, and seventy
miles from Washington. The population of
the city is between six and eight thousand.
Fredericksburg enjoys good natural facilities
for military defence, from its contiguity to
the Potomac, and is now being used as the
concentrating point for a large body of Rebel
troops. It is on a line of railroad leading to
Washington.

NEWS ITEMS.

A woman in France, whose only son was
drawn for a soldier, learned that if she were
a widow he would be exempt, as the prop of
the family. Upon this hint she murdered
her husband. Always before she had been a
quiet, well behaved woman and a good wife.
Her mind was probably affected.

Gen. Scott, like Marlborough, has never
lost a battle. He says he wants to make the
present, while it is the last, the greatest of his
campaigns.

ROPE FERRIES ACROSS THE POTOMAC.—A
correspondent of the Providence Journal says
a detachment of twenty-five picked men from
the Rhode Island Brigade, and twenty-five
men from the Massachusetts Fifth Regiment,
in one night, constructed six rope ferries
across the Potomac, capable of carrying over
seven hundred troops every ten minutes.
This shows the great caution manifested by
the General in Chief when he threw his
forces over on the Virginia side of the river,
and how well he guarded against any trap
set by the enemy, at the bridge or elsewhere.

MARKET VALUE OF CONFEDERATE BONDS.—
Fifty thousand dollars of the bonds of the
Southern Confederacy, belonging to parties
in New Orleans, La., who were forced to sell
them were disposed of a fortnight ago, at the
rate of ten cents on a dollar. Only five thou-
sand dollars could be obtained in that mar-
ket, for the entire lot, which within a few
months cost \$500,000. As to their real value,
it is not one cent. He who loans money to
that "government" might as well get it at
once, and get the credit of munificence.

THE FOUNDATION WORM.—Dr. Smith, a
prominent scholar of South Carolina, inquires
in a pamphlet, "What is the difficulty, and
what the remedy?" Not in the election of
Republican Presidents. Not in the execu-
tion of the Fugitive Bill. No. But it lies
back of all these. It is found in that Athene-
um, Her Republican doctrine of the "Declara-
tion of Independence." Until it is trampled
under foot, there can be no peace.

FIVE Baptist papers in the seceded States
have been suspended. There are few paper
mills at the South, and many of the political
weekly papers are compelled to suspend. It
does not much matter, as since the mails
have stopped, the editors would have very
little to put in them.

As ice machine. Harrison's invention, is
worked in London, producing with a ten
horse steam-engine, 5,000 pounds of ice in
twenty-four hours, at a total expense of \$2.60
per ton, which was said to be 50 cent cheaper
than imported ice.

RATHER INAPPROPRIATE JUST NOW.—The
State of Louisiana is represented in the
Washington Monument by a fancy block of
marble, on which is the following inscrip-
tion.—Presented by the State of Louisiana,
Benevolent to the Constitution and the
Union.

MEETING OF AMERICANS IN PARIS.—Gail-
lard says:—A large meeting of Americans
was held on the 10th, at the rooms of the
Hon. Mr. Safford, United States minister to
Belgium, for the purpose of sustaining the
Federal government. A large amount of
money was subscribed, which will secure all
the Whitworth guns that can be supplied for
a long time.

PHILADELPHIA VOLUNTEERS.—Of Colonel
Baker's regiment of California volunteers,
nine out of ten companies are Philadelphians.
Colonel Lejeune's men from this city, now in
General Sigbee's N. Y. brigade, number 706,
thus making 1,600, and with Captain Power's
two companies, 1,200 Philadelphians en-
dorsed under those two organizations, whose
head-quarters are in New York.

GEORGE McCLELLAN, of Pennsylvania,
who was appointed Major General of the
Western volunteers, and afterwards Major
General of the regular army, by the Presi-
dent, it is said outranks all other general offi-
cers, and will be Commander in Chief of the
army of the United States, in the event of
the death of Lieutenant General Scott, in
stead of Gen. Wood. He is not much over
thirty years of age.

FRIDAY.—The bombardment of Sumter
was commenced on Friday; the troubles in
Baltimore took place on Friday; the first and
bloodiest riot in St. Louis occurred on Friday;
the attack on Newell's Point was made on
Friday; the attack on Alexandria was made
on Friday, and Elsworth was shot on Friday.
It has been all a "Friday" business.

EX-PROSECUTOR BUCHANAN is far from
being a favorite among the soldiers at Wash-
ington. Dr. Bellows, in a recent sermon,
said that when he visited the Capitol he ob-
served that the picture of the old man, which
hangs upon the wall in the Rotunda, was be-
coming dim to sight by reason of accumu-
lated essences of the favorite weed of Virginia,
thrown upon it by the soldiers.

Two resignations in the Army and Navy
have been so much exaggerated that it seems
difficult to realize the fact that there are still
more Southern officers opposed to resigning
than those who have thrown up their com-
missions. There are even now a great many
more in the service than have left it. Not
one-fourth of the whole number of officers
have resigned.

"SHINPLASTERS" IN CHARLESTON, S. C.—
The city of Charleston, S. C., has issued a
very neat style of currency, in the shape of
"shinplasters." Some of them read as fol-
lows:—"The Council of the City of Charle-
ston, S. C., U. S. A., certify that this may pass
for five (5) cents." The tavern keepers, it is
said, charge six of these "shinners" for a
"smile."

Some men's minds are so badly tum-
bled that they can't be made up.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

The Bath (Maine) Times is one of the
spiciest and liveliest of all our down-east ex-
change list. We subjoin a specimen of its
good things on the war, found in a recent
number:—

Those persons who claim the right to talk
 treason under the cover of free speech, are
like the new importation, who thought this a
pretty free country, in which a man was not
allowed to steal occasionally.

"Don't you think I'd make an excellent sol-
dier?" said a weak-kneed gentleman to his
patriotic wife. "Yes, indeed," was the in-
stant response, "an admirable grassy-dew."

The Southern rebels, it is said, are well
supplied with rifle muskets and rifle cannon.
Why shouldn't they be, when they have rifled
so many U. S. forts and arsenals?

A young man in Dover wishing to enlist,
was rejected, because of being half an inch
too short. The next day he applied, and
proved tall enough. He had put on a thick
pair of tape upon his boots. A young man of
so much *ade* will find his way through the
world without trouble.

From various of our exchanges we com-
pile the following timely and humorous para-
graphs:—

Jones is willing to accord to Virginia the
honor she claims of being the "Mother of
States and of Statesmen," but he insists that
she is "just hearing," and has been so for
many years.

Willis says that a stroll through our besol-
dered Broadway has convinced him of a pre-
vious impression, that men of small stature
are apt to be military. The Vermont regi-
ment, "with not a man under six feet," were
evidently mere exceptions—fine-looking fel-
lows, all of them, but still without that com-
bustionary demeanor which shows that a man
takes to it naturally. The thousands of
smaller men in uniform who were every-
where visible, were of such very different
style—so much more bantam-y and plucky-
y in their bearing and countenance! He is in-
clined to think that for a diminutive man to
fight, gives relief to a certain jealous resent-
ment against nature for having been done in-
justice to.

Presenting flags to regiments is all very
well, but the money they cost, if invested in
shoes and stockings, would make the volun-
teers feel more like fight. In no time in the
world does a man feel like kicking an enemy
so much, as when he mounts a new pair of
brogans. Let our people think of this, and
act accordingly.

The military corps denominated the "Ala-
bama Cadets," in passing through Knoxville,
(Tenn.), to join the rebel forces in Virginia,
issued invitation tickets for a ball at the
White House on the 4th of July. One of the
officers, considering the taking of Washing-
ton as too small an achievement, swore, in a
public speech, that he was going to march
his victorious soldiers into Wall street and
pay them off. They will be likely to be "paid
off" before they reach more than half that
distance, though the "bills," in the neigh-
hood of the White House may prove to be
thick enough for comfort.

A gentleman in Boston has received an
epistle from a former friend in Alabama, who
discourses in this pleasant fashion: "I would
not in the least mourn your loss, but I would
remember you in my prayers as I remember
John Brown, bestowing for him and you
alike the hatching corner of the hottest depart-
ment of hell, and the closest and most un-
remitting attentions of the devil."

The captain elect of a Vicksburg, (Miss.)
company, in returning thanks, pledged him-
self to achieve glory for the company or die
in the attempt. The first lieutenant said that
if the captain fell he should endeavor
worthily to fill his place. The second lieuten-
ant followed in a similar strain, when the
third lieutenant said that when the captain
and the first and second lieutenants should
be killed, under such circumstances he didn't
think it would be prudent to lead the sol-
diers any further, and he should then order a
retreat.

LATEST NEWS.

THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD.—Colonel
Piper and his force of bridge builders are at
work on this road, and by Tuesday noon
they will have all the bridges rebuilt for
seven miles. The Rebels are taking up the
iron on the other end, but fortunately there
is about three hundred tons in Alexandria.
The freight depot is filled with commissary
stores.

GEN. SCOTT'S OPINION.—The experienced
veteran, who directs and controls the mili-
tary movements of the day, said to a confi-
dential friend, within a few days, that peace
would be restored to the whole country and
the country restored to its legitimate prop-
riety by the return of May month in 1862.

FROM EUROPE.—The Commercial says that
Austria sends assurances that she will give
no countenance to the Southern rebellion.
France will aid the North if necessary, and
the English Ministry is better inclined to-
wards us.

FORTRESS MONROE.—The Zouaves, in a re-
cent dash at Hampton, captured one hundred
muskets. The enemy fled before any pri-
soners could be secured. The Union sentiment
is gaining ground rapidly in the neigh-
borhood of Fortress Monroe.

PAY COMING.—Arrangements have been
made to pay the volunteers off in a few days,
without waiting for Congress.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made by the State
Government at Harrisburg to advance one
month's pay to every volunteer now mustered
into service from the State of Pennsylvania.
The amount of money thus to be distributed
will be over \$300,000, and it will, no doubt,
be refunded by the Government at Washing-
ton.

ALEXANDRIA.—A number of "fugitives
from labor" are coming into the camp. On
Saturday, a slave of John A. Washington
came in, and just as he reached the picket,
a man rode up and demanded that the volun-
teers should catch him, and tie him. They
told him they were not there to act as dogs for
him, and requested him to dismount. He was
identified as having been the man who was
carrying letters to and from Alexandria. His
horse was seized, and, after some parleying,
he was released, but the horse retained. After
he had been gone a short time, they recon-
sidered their action, and sent a company after
him, but they have not yet caught him.

BALLOONING.—Prof. Allen is with the troops
in Virginia with a large balloon, to aid in
taking observations.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

Ah! and are they of whom no poet writes,
Nor ever any story-teller hears—
The children's mothers who on lonesome nights
Sit by their fires and weep, having the choice
Done for the day, and time enough to see
All the wide world
Sweep clean of playthings, they, as needs must be,
Have time enough for tears.

But there are griefs more sad
Than ever any children's mother had—
You know them, who do another nature's crime
Under poor masks
Of smiling, slow despair—
Who put your white and unadoring hair
Out of your way, and keep at homely tasks
Unblest with any praise of men's eyes,
Till death comes to you with his pitiless care
And to unmarriageable beds you go,
Saying, "It is not much—'tis well, if so
We only be made fair,
And look of love await us when we rise."

My cross is not as hard as theirs to bear,
And yet alike to me are storms, or calms
My life's young joy,
The brown-checked farmer boy,
Who led the daisies with him like his lamb—
Carved his sweet picture on my milking-pail,
And cut my name upon his threshing-fail,
One day stopped singing at his plough—also!
Before that summer time was gone, the grass
Had choked the path which to the sheepfold
led,
Where I had watched him tread
So oft on evening's trail—
A shining out-shed balanced on his head,
And nodding to the gale.

Rough wintry weather came, and when it sped,
The emerald wave
Swelling above my little sweetheart's grave,
With such bright, bubbly flowers was set about,
I thought he blew them out,
And so took comfort that he was not dead.

For I was of a rude and ignorant crew,
And hence believed whatever things I saw
Were the expression of a hidden law,
And with a wisdom wiser than I knew
Evoked the simple meanings out of things
By childlike questionings.

And he was named with shuddering of fear
Had never, in his life, been half so near
As when I sat all day with cheeks unblushed,
And listened to the whisper, very low,
That said our love, above death's wave of woe,
Was joined together like the seamless mist

God's yes, and nay,
Are not so far away,
I said, but I can hear them when I please,
Nor could I understand
Their doubtful faith, who only touch his hand
Across the blind, bewildering centuries

And often yet, upon the shining track
Of the old faith, come back
My childish fancies, never quite subdued,
And when the sunset shuts up in the wood
The whistling sweetness of uncertainty,
And night, with misty locks that loosely drop
About his ears, brings rest, a welcome boon,
Playing his pipe with many a starry stop
That makes a golden snarling in his tune—

I see my little lad
Under the leafy shelter of the boughs,
Driving his noiseless, visionary cows,
Clad in a beauty I alone can see
Laugh, you, who never had
Your dead come back, but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
That these, our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
Do introvert upon eternity

SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.

I had spent a night in a stage, a day in the
saddle, a night in a sleeping car, half a day
doing business, half a day in bed, and was,
after supper, enjoying a cigar and a newspa-
per in the reading room of the R— House,
in F—, Ind. The newspaper was uninter-
esting, or else I was rather sleepy—and I
guess it was a little of both, so that I soon
neglected it, to watch the fantastic curling of
the smoke from my fine-flavored Principe. I
didn't feel much like talking, and felt still
less like reading; but I did feel as if I would
like exceedingly well to hear a good story.

I had barely come to this conclusion, and
commenced wishing for some one of my ac-
quaintance to amuse me until the time was
up for the train, which was to take me to
G—, when I recognized in the person
who sat next me, a fellow traveler in the
sleeping car of the night before.

He was a very agreeable-looking little man,
with a clear gray eye, light hair, sandy whisk-
ers, and smiling mouth. Indeed, he had so
much the appearance of the man that I would
like to hear tell a story, that I thought Dame
Fortune had smiled upon me when he recog-
nized me with a genial

"How d'ye do, stranger?"

I returned his salutation, and asked him
some common-place questions about how he
had enjoyed the ride we took together.

He said something in reply about the run-
ning being too fast for the poor track; and
from this the conversation ran upon fast trav-
elling in general, for some time. At last I
remarked that sixty miles an hour was the
most speedy travelling that I had ever done.

Whereupon my friend informed me, with a
pleasant but knowing smile, that he had trav-
elled considerably faster than that, and, in
fact, faster than he had ever heard of, beside.
Of course, I was anxious to know where,
how, and when he had done it; and, after the
modest assurance that he feared his tale
would not be interesting, my friend relieved
my anxiety by relating the following story:

"I am a railroad engineer. In '57, during
the great panic, I was running on the F. & C.
R. R. The railroad companies were growing
tender in all directions. Every day we heard
of new failures; and quite often in a quarter
where we looked expected it. Our road was
generally looked upon as one of the most

substantial in the nation; nobody seemed to
have any great fear that it would fail to sur-
vive the general smash-up. But yet I did not
fully share in the general confidence. Wages
were cut down, arrangements collected; and a
great many other little matters seemed to in-
dicate to me that the road had got into rather
deeper water than was agreeable all around.
Among other things, the master mechanic
had told me in the spring that the company
had ordered four first quality Taunton en-
gines for the fall passenger business. The
road was put in the very best condition, and
other preparations were made, to cut down
the time, and put the trains through quicker
than was ever known before, when the new
engines should come. Well, there was but
one of the new engines came.

"I said there was but one engine came,
and she was, in my opinion, altogether the
best ever turned out of the Taunton Works;
and that is saying as much as could be said
in praise of any engine. She was put in my
charge immediately, with the understanding
that she was mine.

"It was Saturday when she came out of
the shop, and I was to take a special train
up to Y—. The train was to carry up
the president and several of the other officers
of the road, to meet some officers of another
road, which crossed ours there, and arrange
some important business with them.

"I had no trouble at all making my forty
miles an hour going out. The engine hand-
led herself most beautifully. We were just
holding up at Y—, when Aldrich, the
treasurer, who had come out on the platform
to put the brake on, slipped and fell. As we
were yet under good headway, he was very
much injured, and was carried off to the hotel
insensible.

"According to the president's directions, I
switched off my train, turned my engine, and
stood ready to start back to C— at a mo-
ment's notice.

"Aldrich's presence was of so much im-
portance, that the business could not be trans-
acted without him; so all those I had brought
out, except the president and Aldrich, went
back to C— on the three o'clock express
train. This was the last regular train which
was to pass over the road until the next Mon-
day.

"Early in the evening I left the machine
in charge of my fireman, and went over to an
eating house, to see if I could not spend the
time more pleasantly than on my engine—
The hours dragged themselves away slowly.
I was taking a game of dominoes with the
station agent, when in came Roberts, the pre-
sident, in a state of great excitement.

"Harry," said he to me, "I want you to
put me down in C— at twelve o'clock."
"As it was nearly eleven o'clock then,
and the distance was seventy-five miles, I
thought he was joking at first; but when we
got outside the door, he caught me by the
arm and hurried me along so fast that I saw
he was in earnest.

"Harry," said he, "if you don't set me
down in C— by twelve o'clock, I am a
ruined man, and this road is a ruined road.
Aldrich is dead, but he told me, before he
died, that he had embezzled, from time to
time, five hundred thousand of our money;
and his clerk is to start with it, on the twelve
o'clock boat, from C— for Canada. If
we don't have that money on Monday morn-
ing, to make some payments with, the road
goes into other hands; and if you put me
down in C— at the right time, so that I
save the money, you shall have five thousand
dollars. Understand it, Harry? Five thou-
sand dollars!"

"Of course, I understood it. I saw now
the reason why the wages had been cut down.
I understood it all, and my blood boiled. I
felt that I would save the road if I lived, and
told Roberts so.

"See that you do it, Harry," he replied, as
he climbed up on to the steps of the coach
which was coupled to my engine.

"I sprang up into the foot board, got up
switch tender to help my fireman, opened the
throttle, and, just as she commenced moving,
looked at my watch—it was just eleven
o'clock, so that I had just one hour to make
my seventy-five miles in.

"From Y— to C— there were
few curves in the road; but there were several
heavy grades. I was perfectly acquaint-
ed with every rod of it; so that I knew ex-
actly what I had to encounter; and, when I
saw how the engine moved, I felt very little
fear of the result.

"The road, for the first few miles, was an
air line, and so smooth that my engine flew
along with scarcely a perceptible jar. I was
so busy posing myself up as to the amount
of wood and water aboard, etc., that we
dined by the first station almost before I
was aware of it, having been five minutes
out, and having five miles accomplished.

"You are losing time," yelled a voice
from the coach. I looked around, and there
was Roberts, with his watch in his hand.

"I knew very well that we would have to
increase our speed by some means, if we
carried out our plans of reaching C— by
midnight, and looked anxiously around to
see what I could do to accomplish that pur-
pose. She was blowing off steam fiercely at
one hundred and ten pounds, so I turned
down the valve to two hundred, for I knew
we should need it all to make some of the
heavy grades which lay between us and C—.

"It was three miles to the next station.
With the exception of a few curves, the track
was as good as the last. As we darted around
what commonly seemed to be a rather long
curve, at the station, but which was, at our
high speed, short enough, I looked at my
watch, and we had done it in two minutes
and a half.

"Gaiety," I shouted back to Roberts, who
was standing on the platform of the coach.
"Look out for the heavy grades," he re-
plied, and went inside the car.



THE WHITE HOUSE AT MONTGOMERY—RENT \$5,000 A YEAR.

red, and the steam raised continually; so that
she kept her speed, and passed the station,
like a streak of light, in five minutes.

"Now came nine miles like the last; over
which she kept pace with her time, and passed
the station in seven minutes.

"Here, for ten miles, we had a twenty foot
grade to encounter; but the worst of it all
was, at this place we would be obliged to stop
for wood. I was just going to speak to
Roberts about it, when I looked around and
saw him filling the tender from the coach
with wood which had been placed there be-
fore starting, while he was gone after me.

"I believe we would have made this ten
miles at the same speed as before; but, through
the carelessness of the fireman, the fountain
valve, on the left hand side of the engine,
got opened, and the water rose in the
boiler so far as to run the steam down to one
hundred pounds, before I discovered where the
difficulty lay.

"At first, Roberts didn't appear to notice
the decrease of speed, and kept at work at
the wood as if for dear life. But, presently,
he looked up, and seeing that the speed had
decreased, he shouted, 'Harry, we are stop-
ping!' And then, coming over to where I
was, he said, 'Why, here we have been ten
minutes on the last ten miles, and I believe
we will come to a dead stand, if something is
not done. The speed is continually slack-
ing! What is the matter?'

"I explained the cause. He was apparently
satisfied with my explanation, and after hav-
ing tied down the safety valve, he climbed
back over the tender, exhorting me to put her
through, for God's sake, or we are beggars
together!

"Just then, we passed the next station, hav-
ing taken nine minutes for eight miles. We
were now more than half over the road; but
we had lost nearly ten minutes time, and had
left only twenty-seven minutes to do thirty-
four miles in.

"I had shut the water off from both my
pumps, a little back, where I discovered what
was the matter, and she was now making
steam finely down a slight grade. From less
than one hundred, with which we started over
that ten mile stretch, she had two hundred
pounds before we finished it, and as the gauge
indicated no higher than that, and the valve
was tied down, I could not tell how much
over two hundred pounds she carried, but she
certainly carried none less the rest of the
journey. And well might she carry such an
enormous head of steam; for, after passing
over that ten miles in eight minutes, there lay
ten miles of a five feet up-grade, and fourteen
miles of twenty to the mile depression be-
tween us and C—, and it was now eleven
o'clock and forty-seven minutes.

"Now the engine was hot in earnest. The
furnace door, smoke arch and chimneys, all
were red, while she seemed to fly onward,
if the very evil one himself operated her ma-
chinery.

"Six minutes carried us over that ten
miles, and we darted by the last station that
had lain between us and C—. Now we
had fourteen miles to go; and my time showed
eleven o'clock and fifty-three minutes.

"If I live," said I to myself, "I will make
it." And we plunged down that twenty feet
grade with all steam on. Persons who saw
the train on that wild run, said that it was so
soon after they heard the first sound of her
approach, when the strange object, which
looked as if it was a flame of fire, darted by,
and then the sound of its travelling died away in
the distance, that they could hardly convince
themselves they had seen anything. It seem-
ed more like a creature of a wild dream, than
a sober reality.

"And now let me tell you, that no engine
ever beat the time we made on those fourteen
miles. Those great wheels, eleven feet in di-
ameter, spun round so swift that you couldn't
begin to count the revolutions. The engine
barely seemed to touch the track as she flew
along; and although the track was as true as
it was possible for it to be, she swayed fear-
fully, and sometimes made such prodigious
jumps that it required considerable skill for one
to keep his feet. No engine would hold to-
gether, if crowded to a greater speed.

"Well, just as I came to a stand in the
depot at C—, the big clock boomed out
twelve, and the steamboat was getting her
steam on. Roberts got on board in time, and
nothing to spare."

"And he saved the money, did he?" I
asked, when I saw that my friend had finish-
ed his story.

"Yes; he found it hid away in some old
boxes, as Aldridge had directed him."

"If you are a passenger for G—," said a
waiter, "the 'bus' is ready."

So I thanked my friend for his story, and
bade him good-by.

FASHIONS IN SPELLING.

Walter Savage Landor writes from Flo-
rence to the London *Athenaeum* a curious let-
ter on "fashions in spelling." He says:

"In the *Athenaeum* of April 5th, I find that
a 'precision and pedantry' of spelling is at-
tributed to me, with my 'earnest recommen-
dations,' which are also called 'ingenious.'
Now there are only two of three spellings of
nine different from the present fashions. One
of them is *veran*, so-spelt by Milton; and this
has now been adopted from my adoption. I
would willingly write the particle and preter-
ite, *red* instead of *read*, to avoid confusion.
We already write *led* from *lead*. Yet nobody
can mistake it for *lead* the metal, or *red* for
the color, although the sounds are the same.

"Whoever reads Chaucer attentively, which
I have done several times, will find many
words better spelled in the 'Canterbury
Tales,' than they are at present. The first
corruption of our language was in the reign
of Elizabeth; the second, in that of the second
Charles; the last in our own days. Burke
wrote 'another *quess*' for 'another *quise*,'
catching the pronunciation of the vulgar. Yet
Burke was highly eloquent, and moderately
learned, although but little conversant with
such authors as Hooker and Milton.

"We say and write 'somehow or other,'
Where is the necessity of *or other*? This is
superfluous and ungrammatical. We use
such words as *re-write* and *re-read*. We use
the stiffest and longest car of the most patient
endure such horrible sounds?

"I never have employed any word or spell-
ing without good authority or strict analogy;
and rarely both strict analogy being sufficient.
Carefully do I eschew all the neologies which
are now creeping into the circulating library.
I never mix old and new, even of the sound
and easy. My bottles are well rinsed before
I pour my wine into them.

"It is not every word used by Milton him-
self that I would venture to introduce, unless
in an 'Imaginary Conversation' between per-
sons living in his age.

"Now, to come down lower. We write
and pronounce 'messenger,' formerly it was
'messenger' much more properly. The vul-
gar say, in like manner, 'saucerer.' Of old,
'partridge' was 'patrich.' We even yet
never say 'oustridge.' That bird still keeps on
his legs amid the shifting sands of the wilder-
ness. We are negligent at analogy. We
write equally with a single *l* the verb and
noun 'rebel.' Surely the verb is 'rebel.' Our
fathers wrote 'compell.' On the contrary we
write with a double *l* both adjective and ad-
verb still. Would a nurse say 'the child is
crying still?' If we write until, why not till
and still?

"We write *pitch*, the material; why not
pick, as *rich* and *schick*?

"Eleven or twelve authors beginning with
Chaucer and ending with Southey, might be
consulted advantageously by the industrious,
who could trace the variations of our spell-
ing and the corruptions of our language. I
begin it, but it was hopeless to stem the cur-
rent. In regard to my own writings, I stand
under a special jury and await the verdict to
be pronounced by Time.

"WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

NATURE'S ALPHABET—Nature's alphabet
is made up of only four letters, wood, water,
rock and soil; yet with these four letters she
forms such wondrous compositions, such in-
finite combinations, as no language of twenty-
four letters can describe. Nature never
grows old; she has no provincialisms. The
lark carols the same song as when Adam
turned his delighted ear to catch the strain;
the owl still hoots on a B flat, yet loves the
note, and screams through no other octave;
the stormy petrel is as much delighted to
sport among the mad waves of the Indian
Ocean as in the earliest times; the birds that
lived on fies laid bluish eggs when Isaac
went out into the fields to meditate at even-
tide, as they will two thousand years hence,
if the world does not break her harness from
the orb of day. The sun is as bright as when
Lot entered the little city of Zoar. The dia-
mond and the onyx, and the topaz of Ethio-
pia are still as splendid, and the culture's eye
is as fierce as when Job took up his parable.
In short, Nature's pendulum has never altered
its vibrations.

THE FUCHSIA.

Mr. Shepherd, the respectable and well in-
firmed conservator of the Botanic Gardens,
at Liverpool, gives the following curious ac-
count of the introduction of that elegant lit-
tle flowering shrub, the fuchsia, into our
English greenhouses and parlor windows—
Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener
near London, well known fifty or sixty years
ago, was one day showing his variegated
treasures to a friend, who turned to him and
declared—

"Well, you have not in your collection a
prettier flower than I saw this morning at
Wapping."

"No! And pray what was this phoenix
like?"

"Why, the plant was elegant, and the
flowers hung in rows like tassels from the
pendant branches, their color the richest crim-
son; in the centre a fold of deep purple," re-
plied his friend.

Particular directions being demanded and
given, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping, where
he at once perceived that the plant was new
in this part of the world. He saw and ad-
mired.

Entering the house, he said—
"My good woman, this is a nice plant; I
should like to buy it."

"Ah, sir, I could not sell it for no money;
for it was brought me from the West Indies
by my husband, who has now left again, and
I must keep it for his sake."

"No, sir."

"Here," he cried, emptying his pocket;
"here are gold, silver, and copper."

His stock was something more than eight
guineas.

"Well a-day, but this is a power of money,
sure and sure."

"Tis yours, and the plant is mine; and,
my good dame, you shall have one of the
first young ones I rear, to keep for your hus-
band's sake."

"Alack, alack!"

"You shall, I say, by Jove!"

A coach was called, in which were safely
deposited our florist and his seemingly dear
purchase. His first work was to pull off and
utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and
blossom-bud; it was divided into cuttings,
which were forced in bark beds and hot beds,
were re-divided and sub-divided. Every ef-
fort was used to multiply the plant. By the
commencement of the next flowering season
Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of three
hundred fuchsia plants, all giving promise of
blossom. The two which opened first were
removed into his show-house.

"Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where
did you get this charming flower?" exclaimed
a lady customer.

"Hem! 'Tis a new thing, my lady; pretty,
is it not?"

"Pretty! 'tis lovely! Its price?"

"A guinea, thank your ladyship," he re-
plied, as he received the money.

One of the two plants stood in her lady-
ship's boudoir.

"My dear Charlotte, where did you get
this flower?" said a visitor of her ladyship's.

"Oh, 'tis a new thing; I saw it at Old
Lee's. Pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! 'tis beautiful! Its price?"

"A guinea. There was another left."

The visitor's horses smoked off to the su-
perb; a third flowering plant stood on the
step whence the first had been taken. The
second guinea was paid, and the second cho-
sen fuchsia adorned the drawing-room of her
second ladyship. The scene was repeated as
new comers saw, and were attracted by the
beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to
the gates of Old Lee's nursery-ground. Two
fuchsias, young, graceful, and bursting into
healthy flower, were constantly seen in the
same spot in his repository.

He neglected not to gladden the faithful
sailor's wife by the promised gift; but, ere
the flower season closed, three hundred golden
guineas clinked in his purse, the pro-
duce of the single shrub of the widow of Wap-
ping; the reward of the taste, decision, skill,
and perseverance of old Mr. Lee.

THE FLAG.

Why flashed that flag on Monday morn

Across the startled sky?

Why leapt the blood to every cheek,

The tears to every eye?

The hero in our four months' woe,

The symbol of our night,

Together sunk for one brief hour,

To rise forever bright.

The mind of Cromwell claimed his own,

The blood of Naseby streamed

Through hearts unconscious of the fire,

Till that torn banner gleamed.

The seeds of Milton's lofty thought,

All hopeless of the spring,

Broke forth in joy as through them glowed

The life great poets sing.

Old Greece was young and Homer true,

And Dante's burning page

Flamed in the red along our flag,

And kindled holy rage.

God's Gospel cheered the sacred cause,

In stern, prophetic strain,

Which makes His Right our covenant,

His Psalms our deep refrain.

Oh, sad for him whose light went out

Before this glory came,

Who could not live to feel his kin

To every noble name.

And sadder still to miss the joy

That nineteen millions know,

In Human Nature's Holiday

From all that makes life low. H. W.

Puzzling a Painter—Garrick once sat

for his picture to Gainsborough, who se talents

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WAR.

The Newburyport Herald has an excellent
article upon this subject, closing with the fol-
lowing practical suggestions, which will find
a response in every true-hearted woman in
the land:—

Most effectively can woman work at home.
War has its burdens, its dangers, its trials, for
others than those who go to the tented field. If
long it shall last, it will seriously affect busi-
ness and property, and in its onward course
will crush those who may not be within sight
or sound of glistening bayonets or thundering
cannon. Every discerning woman can see
the anxiety that burdens the community. We
do not care to say now all that is in our mind
on this topic; but we will say, in the fewest
words, that in time of war, every man's in-
come will be less, and every man's taxes and
expenditures will be more. Now, if women
will do anything for their country, let them
not run wild in demonstration and subscrip-
tions of doubtful utility; in thinking only of
nurses in the army, or in any outward action
that may be well enough in itself, and needed
in its place; but let every one go to husband
or father, and ask—how is this war to affect
you? Can I do anything to relieve you in
your labors, or in your troubles? They will
find, perhaps, that there are enemies to com-
bat near at hand; there are failing hearts and
weak hands that need encouragement by
their own fireside—there is something to do
at home. Many a man is beneath clouds,
doubts and burdens, of which he has not
whispered to his own wife, and conceals from
his own child, hoping that to-morrow will be
better than to-day, and the cup will pass from
him. But let all know this—that if war con-
tinues, every family dependent on income
from property, will have fewer and smaller
receipts; every man in business will find it
harder to collect his dues and pay his notes;
and every one looking to the labor of his
hands for support, will have less to do and
smaller pay for doing that little; and there-
fore one and all must contrive some means of
living that will meet the new condition of
things. If any woman, therefore, asks—
what she can do in this great national trial?
we reply—you can know the exact pecuniary
condition of those to whom you look for
money; and then you may see the necessity of
saving a dollar at home. Encourage not only
him who fights, but him who labors. When
he says—I have notes coming due—I have
demands I cannot meet—che

THE NIGHT AND THE MORNING.

FROM HINTS OF THE AGON, BY REV. H. BONAR.

To dream a troubled dream, and then awaken
To the soft gladness of a sunny sky;
To dream ourselves alone, unloved, forsaken,
And then to wake 'mid smiles, and love, and joy;

To look at evening on the storm's rude motion,
The cloudy tumult of the fretted deep;
And then at day-burst upon that same ocean
Gloothed to the stillness of its stillest sleep;

So runs our course—so tells the church her story,
So to the end shall it be ever told;
Brief shame on earth, but after shame the glory
That waxes not, dims not, never waxes old.

VIOLET:

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by DEANE & PETERSON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXIX.

Lady Maud having successfully passed through two ordeals, was in no mood to try a third—that is, the third ordeal which her active imagination conjured up.

Neither Lord nor Lady Kingswood had spoken to her in direct terms of Erle Gower; both had alluded to him; but while the first had promised to recur to the subject again, the latter seemed to have exhausted it and intended to return to it no more—nay, she had done more, for she had abandoned all wish to see her united to the odious Philip Avon.

This was a great gain on the side of her hopes, but there was yet Lord Kingswood to deal with and Philip Avon to contend with; and the third ordeal she feared to undergo was to meet the two in the library when she returned to it with Lady Kingswood's assent to meet her husband.

She knew well that Lord Kingswood, incited to address her on the hateful subject by Philip Avon, would first speak of it as a matter settled—would, moved by her hostility, reason with her, then argue with her, and ultimately conclude by sternly commanding her to fulfil his injunctions. Philip, on the other hand, would sneer at Erle, taunt her, scoff at, insult her. He would defiantly decide her rejection of his hand, and speak to her as if she were already his.

She had the courage to adhere unflinchingly to her determination to reject him with abhorrence, but she had not the strength to endure the harsh and tyrannous commands of the one or the mocking scorn of the other.

She therefore addressed a note to Lord Kingswood, in which she pleaded her own health as an excuse for not conveying to him Lady Kingswood's answer in person. She then communicated Lady Kingswood's assent to meet him and the time she had appointed for the interview.

This note she despatched by her maid Harebell, and when she had departed, locked herself within her sleeping apartment, in order that, undisturbed, she might devise a plan of communication with Erle and concert some mode by which he could escape from his thralldom.

Anxious as Lord Kingswood had been to have an interview with Erle after his arrangement with Sir Harris Stanhope and his conference with old Pengreep, he was grievously disconcerted to find him at Kingswood Hall.

He had a strange, almost insuperable repugnance to meet Erle alone in the ancient chamber in which he had caused him to be confined, and an almost equal unwillingness to put to him a proposition which, if he accepted, would be a surrender of his birthright beneath the roof of Kingswood Hall. He felt, he knew not wherefore, that he could deal with him with a firmer command over his feelings in any other spot but that. It may have been the strange, gloomy character of the old building or the wild traditions of the House which influenced him. It may have been that silent voice of nature which, under the form of conscience, upbraided him for discarding his first-born and legitimate heir from the threshold he was entitled to pass over to and fro as rightfully and as proudly as himself. It would be necessary that he should decide by false statements; that he should deny, by the strongest asseverations, the simple truth; to lie, in fact, broadly and recklessly, in order to hide his shame and guilt. Abstractedly, it mattered little where these falsehoods were sputtered; they would not increase in magnitude nor diminish in infamy with change of place. Nevertheless, their enormity appeared to Lord Kingswood to decrease in proportion as they were uttered farther from Kingswood Hall.

His first hastily-formed intention was to speak with him alone, urge upon him his uncertain and comparatively friendless condition, assure him that he was the child of obscure parents, and had been reared by Vernon simply as an instrument of revenge, to insist that his attempt to foist himself upon him, Lord Kingswood, and family as a relative would be combated and effectually crushed now and forever, and, finally, to demonstrate to him that his wisest and best course would be to abandon his preposterous claims, and to place himself entirely at his, Lord Kingswood's disposal. This done, it was his design to portray in brilliant colors the manner in which he would compensate him for obedience to his wishes. He should take another name to that which now he bore, and with it a young, beautiful, well-bred gentleman for a wife, be appointed to a responsible post under Government—some fifteen or twenty thousand miles dis-

tant from London—achieve a position, &c., &c., all very glowing, no doubt, and greatly tempting to many a mind differently constituted to Erle's.

However, when he reflected over this plan, he became conscious of a certain unaccountable reluctance to face Erle in the chamber in which he had left him. He did not know why; he tried to find a reason, and he pooh-poohed his own weakness of purpose and vacillation of mind; but the loathsomeness increased rather than diminished with his self-arguing. Then suggestions presented themselves to him, pointing out Sir Harris Stanhope as the fittest person to discuss the matter with Erle. He would be able to say so much which he must himself have left unsaid. Sir Harris could continue to urge where his pride would compel him to pause. Sir Harris could entreat; he could not. Sir Harris could speak in a confident tone of the obscurity of his parentage, which he, Lord Kingswood, would find it impossible to do without faltering and stammering; altogether, indeed, it would be the best plan to forward Erle to London, to keep him somewhat in private, where Sir Harris Stanhope would have an undisturbed opportunity of working upon his mind, first depressing and discouraging him, and then tempting him.

It was not without an annoying sense of shame that Lord Kingswood at length decided to pursue this course; and though he tried to deceive himself into the belief that it was at once a contrivance the most prudent and most promising of success, he did not succeed; still he resolved to carry it out. He did not wholly give up his original intention of seeing and conversing with Erle alone before he despatched him to London; but after some consideration, he determined to postpone the interview until the following day.

He fancied that it would have a salutary effect upon Erle to keep him for four-and-twenty hours at least in solitary confinement. He might be disposed to take advantage of any eagerness exhibited to discuss his position with him, while he might, on the other hand, regard a coldness of feeling and inattention to his wants as signs that he was a little feared as a carded for. When people, entertaining extravagant notions, discover that they are held at a discount, they are apt to feel an inducement to listen to the sober voice of reason. Lord Kingswood believed that, vexed by confinement and neglect, Erle would be tempted to listen to reason—that is, reason from his lordship's point of view. So he decided that he would not seek an interview with him until the following morning.

While engaged in these reflections, he remembered that Philip Avon had charged Erle with stealing the weapons of Tubal Kish, a paltry and vindictive charge he saw plain enough, and one which he himself treated with the scorn it merited; but it reminded him of the old hunting-lodge in the Chase, and that that harbored the ruffian of whom Philip had spoken. He remembered with a pang that it had in years past sheltered one to whom he had acted most treacherously, and it had since then been the roof-tree of one young and fair, who had completely blighted the happiness of his son Cyril. That son was shortly to be married, and he believed that it was his duty to pay a secret visit to that lodge; and endeavor there to ascertain the name and condition of the girl who had enameled his son's affections.

What his thoughts really were upon the matter it would be unnecessary to say; but the more he mused the more uneasy and pale he became. He, however, secretly determined to make a great effort to destroy all his sources of trouble at one time. Having, he believed, become master of the situation in Erle's matter, he had but to reconcile himself with Lady Kingswood, see Cyril and Lady Maud fairly married, raise, for many reasons, the old hunting-lodge to the ground, and pass the remainder of his days in peace and security.

While deeply abstracted in these ruminations, Lady Maud's maid, Harebell, appeared with the note her young mistress entrusted her to carry to him. She placed it in his hands, and stood still, close to the library table, while he perused it, as if waiting for a reply. She, too, fastened her eyes upon a large antique key which lay within reach of her fingers upon the library-table. Her fingers itched exceedingly, and worked to and fro convulsively.

Lord Kingswood read the note with seeming satisfaction. A cold, proud smile curled his upper lip as he said to the girl—"You will present my thanks to Lady Maud St. Clair, and inform her ladyship that the appointment shall be kept."

Harebell curtsied, but did not offer to move.

Lord Kingswood waved his hand to her, and said, curtly—"You can go."

"If you please, my lord," said Harebell, curtsying again, "Benson, the gamekeeper, who is watching the door of the goblin room in the eastern wing, told me to ask your lordship whether the young gentleman who has been put in there is to have anything to eat while he remains?"

"Oh, by all means; certainly," replied Lord Kingswood, quickly. "Let refreshments be served to him at regular intervals."

As his lordship spoke he turned away, as if to leave the apartment.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Harebell, slightly raising her voice, "but Benson says, if the young gentleman is to have dinner served up to him, how is he to take it into the room while the door is locked?"

"Oh, ay, true—I forgot," responded Lord Kingswood, taking up the key, which seemed to fascinate Harebell in so strange a manner.

"This is the key of the room; give it to Benson," he said, handing it to her. "Tell him that on no account, not on any plea, is he to permit the inmate of that room to leave it, neither is he to admit within it any other person than himself, on pain of dismissal."

Let this key, when the refreshment has been served, be returned to me."

"Yet, may it please you, my lord," exclaimed the girl, taking possession of the key with much avidity, "Benson wants to know, too, if you please, my lord, that when the young gentleman has had his supper will there be any occasion for him to wait?"

"Benson is very troublesome," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with a frown. "What does he mean by 'wait'?"

"Oh, my lord, he means, is he to watch all night when the chamber-door is locked and everybody in bed and fast asleep?" answered Harebell.

Lord Kingswood mused for a minute or so, and then, with a short, contemptuous gesture, as if the precaution was absurd, said—"No—no, it will be unnecessary. Let him be careful, before he retires for the night, that the door is secure, that will be sufficient."

"Thankye, my lord," responded Harebell, with a sharp, quick curtsy, and before Lord Kingswood could even turn round, she disappeared from the apartment.

Arming himself with a gun, and taking a dog with him, Lord Kingswood quitted Kingswood Hall for the Chase, as if to enjoy an hour's shooting alone, for he would not permit any one to accompany him.

Harebell, in the meantime, returned to her young mistress, and knocking at her chamber-door, begged to be allowed to say a few words to her.

Lady Maud was hardly pleased at the interruption, for, with her burning cheek laid upon her hand, she was trying to contrive some mode of communicating with Erle. A visionary antique key was dancing before her eyes in the most provoking and tantalizing style all the time.

She, however, gave admittance to Harebell. She saw instantly that the girl was somewhat excited, for her eye was unusually flushed, and the pink of her cheek was much heightened.

"What do you wish to say to me, Harebell?" she inquired, with an expression of surprise.

"Why, if you please, my lady, I took your note to Lord Kingswood, and his lordship presents his thanks to your ladyship, and he will keep the appointment," answered Harebell, calmly.

"You could have told me that at any time, Harebell," said Lady Maud, turning away.

"So I could, if you please, my lady," she replied; "but any time would not do for the favor I want to ask of your ladyship."

"Favor, Harebell? What is it?" responded Lady Maud, again surprised.

"Does your ladyship know Benson?" asked Harebell.

"I do—by sight," rejoined Lady Maud, with an inquiring look.

"Well, my lady, it is Benson who has been set to watch the goblin chamber in the eastern wing, where the poor young gentleman is locked in, and I think it is very cruel to keep putting such a good-looking, sweet, amiable, young gentleman among ghosts and goblins, as Lord and Lady Kingswood seem to like to do with him."

Lady Maud's heart began to flutter.

"What of Benson, tell me, Harebell?" she exclaimed, a little impatiently.

"Why, you see, my lady," answered Harebell, archly, "when I carried your ladyship's note to Lord Kingswood, I don't know how-ever it was, but I lost my way in the corridors and came right upon Benson, who, with a gun resting on the hollow of his arm, was keeping watch outside the door of that horrid goblin hole. I was like to faint at first with fright, but Benson held me up and told me not to give way to my feelings, and so I wanted to know what he did there, and he told me; then I wanted to know who was to give Mr. Erle anything to eat to keep him from starving, and he said he didn't know, he had no orders, and so—my lady—as I was then going to see Lord Kingswood—I thought—I said to Benson—at least I meant to have said to Benson—and I shall say to Benson what I said to his lordship—"

"Harebell, you are trying my patience very much indeed," exclaimed Lady Maud, looking as grave as her sweet face would permit.

Harebell smiled as she looked up with provoking archness.

"La! my lady, am I? Well, I didn't know that I was. What I meant to say was, that as nobody but Lord Kingswood could give more orders, and as it certainly would be very wicked to let Mr. Erle starve for the want of asking for those orders, I thought—I say, my lady, I thought as I went to the library I would ask Lord Kingswood, and say it was Benson who wanted to know what he was to do about it."

Lady Maud's heart began to throb. "Did you ask his lordship?" she inquired, eagerly.

"To be sure I did, my lady," returned Harebell.

"And his lordship's reply? Quick, quick, my good girl," exclaimed Lady Maud, eagerly.

Harebell held up the antique key, and swung it backwards and forwards by the handle.

Lady Maud felt a strange faintness oppress her. She caught at a table for support, and for a moment her eyes grew dim, and she gasped for breath. There, within her reach, was the shadowy key which had for the last hour or so been distracting and vexing her vision.

"That is his lordship's reply," rejoined Harebell, with dancing eyes and the display of a very even row of white teeth.

Harebell, usually so exceedingly respectful to her young mistress, in her excitement, forgot her habitually quiet deference. Lady Maud, in her excitement, too, overlooked a familiarity she had never seen exhibited before.

A thousand thoughts—a world of wishes—rushed through Lady Maud's brain at sight of that key, but she felt that she dare not risk it, nor even display any anxiety respect-

ing it. Harebell was not actuated by similar feelings.

"The favor I have to ask of your ladyship is," she continued, still with a peculiar mischievous shrewdness in her smile, "to permit me to take this key to Benson, and bid him supply Mr. Erle with whatever refreshment he requires. Now, if you please, my lady, may I take the key and the message to Benson?"

"Oh—yes—certainly," exclaimed Lady Maud, hesitatingly, distressed to think she could not properly invent a stratagem to communicate with Erle without making a confidant of this girl.

As if Harebell read her thoughts in her expressive features, she said,—"And if you please, Lady Maud, I have another favor to ask of you, but I don't think you will grant this one."

Lady Maud trembled—she scarce knew why.

"Wherefore ask it, Harebell?" she said, faintly.

"Because you are so thoughtful, so considerate, so kind, so good, so different to Lord and—"

"Hush, Harebell, you forget," interposed Lady Maud, raising her finger.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," returned Harebell, "but the fact is, all the household like Mr. Erle, and they would do anything for him they could without offending Lord Kingswood. Now, he has been treated cruelly enough already to-day, and somebody, therefore, ought to treat him with kindness; so I thought, my lady—and pray don't be offended with me, because I only speak from good feelings—that if your ladyship would just write two or three lines to him to ask—to request him—to say what refreshments he would like, and when he would wish to have it—it would, my lady, seem to him, lonely and miserable as he must be, that he is not forgotten by all the world. It is a little thing to do, my lady, but it will be a gladstone thing to him, and will show him that he is not left wholly at the mercy of a set of servants."

Why, it was the very stratagem that Lady Maud could not think of until thus put before her very eyes and into her hands.

Her heart was too full to speak, but Harebell's quick glance detected the large tear which had sprung into her eye. She hurried to her desk without a word, and sat down to write. What?

Here was another difficulty. She could speak of her sorrow at his position, her grief at the insults he had undergone, her hope that he would soon find a way to emancipate himself from the trammels which now held him fast, but to suggest a mode of deliverance she could not.

Tears of vexation trickled down her cheeks as she destroyed the fourth note she had written. At length, in a burst of excitement, she wrote a few hurried, passionate, loving lines, expressive of the agony his position occasioned her, and breathing a hope that Heaven would permit them to meet once more ere it sundered them forever.

She would not even read it after she had written it, but with cheeks of the hue of the carnation, she handed it to Harebell, and bade her hurry with it to its destination.

Harebell's ears tingled as she took it and hurried off with it—taking the coveted key with her.

"Hazel is talking of me," she said, tapping her scarlet ears with her finger as she tripped along. "Bless him, he is sure to be speaking well of me. 'So hum on, hum on, little ear, and I'll think sweet things of my dear.' Poor dear Lady Maud! I would not see the torn notes, but I knew what they meant. Ah, and she shall see him as well as write to him, too, or my name is not Harebell. I have the key. I shall let myself in. I shall have the key again to-night. I shall admit whatever person I think proper to that room. Lord Kingswood told me to tell Benson that he was to admit nobody. Lord Kingswood did not tell me that I was not to admit anybody within that room on pain of dismissal. Now, if Mr. Erle gives me a message to carry back to Lady Maud, I must carry it to her; and if Lady Maud complies with his prayer,—well, that is their affair and not mine. Oh, dear, oh, dear, it is very nice to have a young man, but it is very hard to be separated in this way. I wish Hazel had got that nice road-side inn, and I was Mrs. Hazel, smiling on the customers! Heigho! what a while it takes to get a little money together!"

And as she finished she encountered Benson.

"Where are you going, pretty little Bucky?" exclaimed Benson, "all eyes," as he gazed on her pretty face.

"Don't you be rude and familiar, gamekeeper," she said, tossing her head in a way which made him vow she was very beautiful, than a fawn. And he found her so shy, too, because, as he felt like talking to her with his arm round her waist, he stretched out his arm to encircle it, but she eluded his grasp, and politely requested him not to make himself a fool.

"I want to go into that chamber," she said. "But you can't," he replied, shortly.

"But I will," she answered.

He laughed. My orders are to let no one in or out," he said, "and I must obey my orders, even though so pretty a wench as thou bid me say."

"Orders, indeed," she said, with a contemptuous smile. "Benson, you will take your orders from me. Stand out of the way, sir—I am going into that room."

Benson grinned, and displayed a series of tusks starting out from his gums in irregular directions.

"Don't three mean to go through the key-hole, lass?" he said.

"I mean to go in by the keyhole," she said, and flourished the antique key under his nose.

"Eh, what is that, lass?" he said, with a look of surprise.

"Did you think Mr. Gower was to be suffered to starve here all day?" she exclaimed.

"No, gamekeeper, he is not. Lord Kingswood has given the key to me. I am going to ask Mr. Erle what he would like for his dinner, and then I shall carry it to him, and when that is done, I am to give the key to you until supper-time. Lord Kingswood's orders are that, while you have the key, you are not to admit a soul into that room, not to let the inmate of that room depart from it on any pre- tence whatever. When the bell rings for supper, I shall come again and take the key back to Lord Kingswood, and you may then retire to your bed."

"My bed, wench? what, in yon corner, I suppose?" returned the gamekeeper, with a sneer. "I be to watch here all the night."

"Lord Kingswood ordered me to say that a night-watch was unnecessary," rejoined Harebell, emphatically. "So that when I take the key the last thing, you may go your way to your hut in the forest."

"Be those Lord Kingswood's orders?" he asked, doubtfully.

"They be, gamekeeper," she replied, laying a stress on the verb, "go out of my way."

"Well, I be glad of that, surely," he exclaimed. "Let any one that likes watch haunted chambers, I don't like, and that's truth."

A moment more and Harebell passed into the room, where she saw Erle standing leaning upon his elbows on the window-ledge, and looking out thoughtfully into the Chase.

She began talking to him about what kind of refreshment he would like to take, and he rather impetuously declined taking any, but she raised her finger in a cautioning manner, and slipped Lady Maud's letter into his hand, and devoured its contents with avidity.

He kissed the small, neat writing a thousand times, and committed a variety of extravaganzas of that description, pleasing rather to Harebell to behold, but hazardous if he held by Benson. She therefore calmed down his transports, and in an undertone, asked a message back in reply. He was only too enraptured to have the opportunity of sending one, but there were no writing materials in the room.

He had, however, a pocket-book, and he tore a leaf from it, and was about to write upon it, when Harebell stopped him.

"It is necessary to be very cautious," she whispered. "Be careful what you say, I might lose the paper or it might be taken from me. Don't you think, sir, it would be better if you were to say to the young lady herself all that you wish to write?"

"It would, indeed," exclaimed Erle, with eager anxiety, "but how (can interview to be accomplished?"

"Leave that to me," returned Harebell. "All you have got to do is to write on that bit of paper, and beg Lady Maud to come to you and speak with you, if only for five minutes. I'll do all the rest."

Erle seized her hand and wrung it. Then he wrote in terms of passionate entreaty for Lady Maud to grant him an interview, if only for a few moments, as Harebell had suggested.

He handed the note to the girl, who hastily slipped it down her bosom, and then whispered—"We shall not be here until after night-fall."

Raising her voice, she requested to know at what hour she should bring him some refreshment, and on replying "a few hours hence," she quitted him, turned the key in the lock, and then handed it to Benson.

"You will please to take care of that gamekeeper," she said, saucily, "and mind you don't let a soul go in, or Lord Kingswood will hunt you over the furze patches with a pack of beagles, as they do rabbits."

He grinned as usual, and she tripped away. She turned abruptly down a flight of steps, for she saw Philip Avon, with a scowling visage, advancing towards the chamber in the eastern wing.

"I should like to turn the milk of his happiness sour if I could," she said, rather spitefully, "and I will put a dose of rumour into it, and make cards and whet of it, as sure as my name is Susan Harebell. Ah, and I'll make a couple of true lovers happy for an hour at least, or I'll burn for it."

And with this determination running over her lips, she reappeared before Lady Maud, who, with intense anxiety, was awaiting her return.

CHAPTER LXX.

Harebell was prepared to find her young mistress eagerly expecting her. Poor Lady Maud! she was no adept at the art of dissimulation, although she endeavored to accomplish her aim without admitting Harebell to her confidence. It did not occur to her that she displayed unusual anxiety to learn what Erle would like to have for dinner, for ostensibly the contents of her note were supposed to go no further. Harebell was, however, in that respect very discriminating and very considerate. She was quite aware that not a word was said in either note about eating or drinking, but she took good care to conceal her knowledge from Lady Maud, and displayed an indifference to them which a little annoyed the latter, especially as she felt puzzled how to comply with Erle's prayer.

Harebell had flourished the antique key about with the most provoking nonchalance. What, now, would she not give if she had it in her possession? She was very anxious to consult with Harebell about the request of Erle, but she shrank from doing it because the mention of his entreaty involved so many other questions with it; yet, without the help of Harebell, how was she to gain admission to his cell? Harebell having bowed herself with a hundred things which did not require her attention, having put a thousand frivolous questions to Lady Maud about as many trifles, having directed her conversation into channels which went in a direction far away from the only topic Lady Maud had in her young aching brain, she suddenly came back to it.

Half her questions had remained unanswered—more than half unheard. Abstracted, perplexed, and distressed, Lady Maud had almost determined to run all risks and con-

side the real state of her heart to Harebell, when the latter, engaged in repairing some antique lace, said, abruptly—"Tale old point, my lady, reminds me of the old ancient chamber in which there pines a fair young lord locked in with an old, ancient key. Poor young gentleman, he looked so piteous, and begged so hard to be able to interchange a word with your ladyship, that if it was poor I, I don't know how I ever should refuse him. He said that he had something of the greatest importance to communicate to your ladyship, and that if your ladyship coldly denied his request, there would be nobody in the world else he could say it to."

"I know a how to grant his request," exclaimed Lady Maud, in distressed accents. "The room is locked and guarded, and if Lord Kingswood were to know that I had visited him, he would be very angry with me."

"So, my lady, perhaps he would be if he knew that your ladyship had written to him," rejoined Harebell, with the utmost coolness. "but then he is not likely to know it, for I gave Mr. Erle your note with my own hand. Benson had not the slightest idea of it, and I alone saw Mr. Erle write to you; I alone had the note until I gave it to your ladyship, and your little visit to him must be managed the same way. Whatever Lord Kingswood may think and say, there can be no harm in just hearing what Mr. Erle has to communicate to your ladyship."

"But how is it to be arranged?" inquired Lady Maud, trembling from head to foot.

Harebell smiled archly. "I relieve your mind," she said. "When Benson goes off duty, I go on. That is to say, my lady, I take the key of the room from Benson, to return it to Lord Kingswood, and between my receiving the key and giving it up to Lord Kingswood, you shall see Mr. Erle. Although Benson has received strong injunctions not to admit any one into the old chamber, I have not. You understand, my lady. If your ladyship will only keep yourself quiet and calm, and promise not to fall into a flutter, we shall manage the interview charmingly, and no one will be any the wiser but ourselves."

"I must entrust all to you, Harebell. You will not deceive me, I am sure," exclaimed Lady Maud, in an earnest, half-frightened tone.

"Deceive you, dear lady, that, indeed, I will not. I would rather die and give up John Hazel and the roadside inn, in which we are to end our days, than do ought to grieve you," cried Harebell, wiping away the moisture which had sprung into her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Thank you, my good Harebell. I will place my trust in you, and I will go to see Mr. Erle to-night," said Lady Maud, in a low, faint tone.

"Of course you will, my lady, and happy will he be, poor gentleman! It will be something to cheer him while in that awful, lonely, ghostly, horrid room," rejoined Harebell, with a very gleeful expression on her pretty rustic countenance. "Now I know what we are going to do, now I shall know how to arrange," she added; "and if your ladyship will excuse me, I will make my preparations."

Lady Maud had no idea what preparations she had to make; the word had a very formidable sound, but she presumed that there were some very grave arrangements to make, and her heart beat fast only to think of them.

Harebell disappeared, and she was left alone with her troubled thoughts. The day wore on slowly, and to her it seemed of interminable length. Twice or three Harebell returned to her apartments, and pretended to employ herself with her needle. She looked very important and intensely reflective, but she said very little, and although Lady Maud was nervously anxious to hear something more about the undertaking in which she was shortly to be engaged, Harebell, looking mysterious, uttered nothing but the most ridiculous and vexing common-places, and when Lady Maud was timidly about to offer a remark bearing upon the task to which she had committed herself, Harebell jumped up, put away her work, and quitted the room, on the plea of having to superintend the conveyance of the refreshments to Mr. Erle.

The sun was now sinking behind the distant hills, daylight had merged into twilight, the green foliage of the trees was fast changing into purple masses, and thick white mists were ascending from the valleys. Lady Maud sat wearily watching, believing the day would never end. Kingswood Hall was solemnly quiet, there was not a sound to be heard within the building, as there appeared not to be a leaf stirring without.

The shadows grew longer and deeper, the pale, golden, greenish blue of the sky was changing into a violet tint, when Lady Maud was startled by finding Harebell at her side.

"Oh, my lady," she exclaimed, almost out of breath, "there has been such a to-do—such a disturbance! What

the time he told Benson that he would throw him, and then take the key from him. But Benson put his gun to his shoulder, and pointing it at Mr. Avon, he very respectfully told him that he would blow his brains out if he attempted to touch him, and so Mr. Avon went away muttering vengeance against him, telling him that Lord Kingswood should discharge him, and I don't know what beside."

"Has Mr. Avon left Kingswood Hall?" inquired Lady Maud, nervously.

"Oh, yes, my lady; but Benson thinks he will be back again, and that therefore he had better wait on the watch for the remainder of the night."

How Lady Maud in heart hated Philip for having occasioned this!

"How very unfortunate," she murmured. "I shall not be able to—to see—to comply with Mr. Erle's request."

"Oh, yes, my lady," rejoined Harbell, quickly; "for if he comes back again, he will be told that Lord Kingswood has got the key; he will then have to find Lord Kingswood to get it, and will also find when he sees him that he has not got it. When he returns to the chamber in the eastern wing, I suspect that it will not be of much consequence who has got it. If you please, my lady, wrap yourself in your large cloak and hood, and be ready to depart from here directly you hear the nine o'clock service supper bell ring. I must go to Benson to obtain the key, and then I will conduct you thither."

At the time appointed she made her appearance, and Lady Maud, closely covered in a large hooded cloak, was ready to accompany her.

As they got out into the corridor, Lady Maud said, in an undertone—"It is very dark."

"Hush!" whispered Harbell. "I will conduct you. I know every step; we dare not have a light."

On they went, slowly and silently, stealthily and steadfastly, not speaking, hardly breathing, until at length they paused at the door.

Harbell produced a ponderous key, and inserting it noiselessly into the lock, she turned it without a sound, suffered the door to gently open, and admitted Lady Maud into the room. She drew the door to again, turned the key once more in the lock to secure it, withdrew it, and glided silently away.

Lady Maud, on finding herself within the small, old chamber, uttered a faint cry of alarm. Before her stood a figure in all respects resembling a phantom. The moon had risen, and its white, shining beams streaming through the window, fell upon the clear, open, handsome face of Erle, as he stood erect, motionless, peering towards the softly opening door.

Maud had not recovered from her sudden terror when she, with a heart wildly throbbing, discovered in the spectral face turned towards her, an extraordinary resemblance to the ancient portrait of Erle, Lord of Kingswood, in the old picture-gallery, and this likeness rapidly and suddenly merged into the features of the present Lord Kingswood; so striking was the new resemblance, that she uttered a second startled cry.

Erle, watchful and expectant, had observed the door of his prison open, and he perceived a dark object float, without the sound of a footfall, into the room. He remained still, for he knew not who his visitor might be; but the sound of her voice caught his ear, and he knew their silver tones instantly.

He sprang forward and encircled the enshrouded figure in his arms. He drew her to the moonbeams, and she let fall the hood from her head, so that the silver rays gleamed on her fair, sweet young face, and he saw that her clear, lustrous eyes were bent upon his tenderly and lovingly.

"Maud, my own beloved Maud!" he exclaimed, in low, trembling, passionate tones, and pressed her soft, yielding form to his heart. She blushed like a summer rose, with a joy so intense that it pervaded her whole frame, but she almost hastily withdrew herself from his embrace, and stood modestly, tremblingly before him.

Yet she had acknowledged to him that she loved him with her whole soul, and she was here, prepared to acknowledge yet more.

He took her reluctant hand and pressed it to his lips. "Sweet Lady Maud! dearest and kindest, how shall I thank you for this most generous and tender concession?" he said, in a rich, earnest voice.

"Nay, said faintly, "I am but too, too joyful at having the opportunity, through the happy management of my maid, to interchange a few words with you. Oh, Erle, how I grieve that you should have been so insulted, so wickedly outraged as you have been this morning!"

"By Philip Avon, yes!" he exclaimed with stern bitterness; "but never heed it, sweet Maud. I treat his contumacious with scorn, and I will yet place my heel upon his heart, and he shall turn and writhle as a worm, and as impotently. Now, sweet, as time is precious, and you, for my sake, have incurred a desperate hazard, let me curb my own felicity, and delay you here as short a time as possible. I will tell you why I wished to see you; firstly, because the sight of your dear face gladdens my eyes and my heart, and makes a summer sunshine glow and gild the gloomiest and the most wintry spot; it lightens my oppressed heart, and chases away the clouds from my burdened mind; in short, dearest, because your presence lifts me up from the depths of despair into a state of delicious joy I knew not before I saw you, and I cannot know again if parted from you."

"Oh, Erle!" murmured, in a dreamy voice, Lady Maud, with downcast eyes, softly returning the pressure of his hand.

"It is of this separation I wished to speak with you," he continued. She turned her eyes up to his in alarm. "I cannot conceal from myself the respective positions in which we stand. You are young, beautiful, of high rank and assured position, the heiress of a name and fortune. I stand for the moment nameless and penniless—a fugitive, wander-

ing in secrecy, and persecuted when I appear. Thus, my suit to you at first sight appears to be not only preposterous in its nature, but, on my part, the act of a designing scoundrel."

"Erle!" ejaculated Lady Maud, with astonishment.

"And so, indeed, it would, dear Maud, if I were in very truth a nameless, penniless adventurer, but, Heaven be thanked! I am only fortuitously so. I have a name and rank, and ere long I will establish my title to it."

In the interim, however—deep as my love is for you, Lady Maud, blissful as your face and form are to my eyes—I hold it to be an imperative duty that I should separate myself from you entirely, refraining from all personal interviews or communications, until I, having a name not less noble than your own, being of equal rank and wealth, can come forward and say, Lady Maud St. Clair, I love you tenderly, deeply, enduringly. I offer to you my hand, my heart, my life. Then, then, Lady Maud, I will urge my claims before the world, as in your private ear, for then, without a taint of suspicion, I may fairly do so. Now, in wooing you in secret, I rest under the ban of the foulest of all imputations."

"Not in my estimation—not in my belief," Erle, she interposed in a hasty yet trembling tone. "Nay, do I not know that you have in sooth not wooed me? We became conscious of our mutual love simultaneously. There was no unworthy motive floating in your mind, directing your thoughts to me, because, Erle, I am sure your soul would not harbor an unworthy design."

"Dear Lady Maud, I know for you, not for myself. Lord Kingswood not how our love sprang into life, and it will judge of us by its experience. I float on the surface of life's stream as an adventurer, and the world will judge me by the meanness of the tribe who has found a position by the basest speculation. I would not for my life have the cold taunt of the world's scornful voice settle on your name and ring in your ear, therefore do I purpose—great as the sacrifice to me, bitter as the struggle with my heart's dearest emotions must be—to part with you and from you for a time, asking of you only one boon, and conjuring you, by the love you bear me, to grant it."

Lady Maud trembled like an aspen, but she made no reply. He felt the quivering of her fingers, and instinctively he drew her towards him. She let her forehead rest upon his shoulder, and he felt a burning tear drop upon his hand.

"It is for your happiness I do this, dearest," he whispered in her ear.

Still she answered not, and he went on to say—"I know that Lord Kingswood has betrothed you to Philip Avon, that the match is one upon which his lordship had set his heart. Now, I from my inmost soul so abhor that villain, that the very thought of his addressing you in any strain of kindness, maddens me. Still I am quite conscious that you will not always be able to avoid him or be able to prevent him pouring into your delicate ear his offensive protestations of love."

Lady Maud shuddered, and then placed her small white hand on Erle's mouth to prevent his speaking. "Do not breathe his name," she murmured. "It falls like a mildew on our love. Oh, Erle, I must speak out, reservedly the passionate promptings of my heart. I am young and inexperienced, innocent of the world's ways, innocent of the absence of a pleasure to occasion me no regret. You came, and your face, when it first turned towards me, seemed, to shine upon me like some glorious star in a radiant firmament. From that hour you have filled all my seeing, all my thoughts. You, Erle, you are irremovably interwoven with my earthly happiness. What, then, to me would be the world's taunt if you were near me? What the heartless jibe, the cold smile of scorn, the contemptuous scoff, the base insinuation? My happiness is bound up in you, not in the world. I should care nothing for its unmerited reproach. To be parted from you would break my heart!"

A gush of tears interrupted her speech. "Erle would have spoken, but his throat swelled with emotion and prevented articulation."

Hurriedly, as if fearing interruption, Lady Maud proceeded—"You are sanguine, dear Erle, of being reinstated in your rights. I am not. You have told me that you have no friends."

"None but you, dearest!" he exclaimed.

"Lord Kingswood is wealthy, powerful, and inflexible," she continued. "Measured against his strength, your greatest effort must fail, and you must be crushed."

Erle laughed scornfully. "I neither fear him nor his power," he said; "I dare the struggle, and I shall come out of it victorious."

"But you may fail," she persisted.

"It is not impossible; I admit no more," he said.

"But if you fail, what then?" she asked, anxiously.

He set his teeth together. "Chaos!" he ejaculated.

There was a pause. Then Lady Maud said, in faint yet earnest tones—"Erle—if I were no united—if I were your wife, would it not be my duty to cling to you before all other worldly considerations?"

"It would," he said, frankly and promptly.

"To surrender friends and family, home, country, and all other parts of the world where you were not, to follow you, to share your joys and sorrows, your prosperity and your poverty—to be in all things constant, loving, obedient, sustaining, to minister to your happiness, and to share it—to smooth away your cares, and to help you to bear the burden?"

"Even so," he ejaculated, regarding her

with surprise, for he saw how bright her eyes and how flushed her cheeks were under the earnestness of her own eloquence.

"Erle," she continued, solemnly, "before an ancestor of our House, whose name I bear, you vowed that you loved me, and that, in life or death, you claimed me to be yours."

"I did, Maud," he responded, with emphatic earnestness.

"I, too, vowed mentally," she exclaimed. "To be yours, Erle, and yours only! I am here to verify it."

There was something so impassioned, so solemn, so grand in the tone with which she uttered these words, that for an instant he was struck mute. Recovering himself, he repeated her last words interrogatively.

"Oh, Erle!" she returned, passionately, "my heart is bursting—breaking beneath this roof! All here for whose opinion you need care, save myself, are arrayed in bitter hostility against you. In the eye of Heaven, by your vow and my own, I am your wife! Take me with you hence! I will cheerfully, gladly give up all I hold here, station and wealth, to share your fate! Take me, Erle, I have the means of flight! I have a small fortune of my own which Lord Kingswood cannot touch, and I have a wealth of love for you surpassing all the treasures of the world."

Lady Maud, perfectly guileless, put this proposition, impressed with the idea that, if Erle acceded to it, the wedding ceremony would be performed at the nearest church they met with in their flight, and then she should, indeed, be his beyond all the brutal machinations of Philip Avon and the tyranny of Lord Kingswood.

Erle was deeply affected by her artless proposal. When he could command his voice, he said—"Beloved Maud, you know not what it is you would do."

"Indeed, indeed, dear Erle, I do," she replied. "I have thought it over anxiously and carefully. I have weighed all the arguments against it, and I am here fully resolved."

Again he pressed her to his breast. "Oh, lady of my heart, my love, my soul," he exclaimed, with intense emotion, "how worthy of your esteem would you think me if I were to accept your boundless offering of love?"

A sharp, hurried tap at the door interrupted him, and a voice breathed hissing through the keyhole.

"For mercy's sake, Lady Maud, secrete yourself, Lord Kingswood is approaching the chamber."

Before Erle could think of a means to answer this purpose, the door was struck a violent blow with some weapon, and the voice of Philip Avon, thickened by intoxication, cried—"Hallo, you fox in the trap there! I want to worry you! Open the door or I'll break it in!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHARLESTON MERCURY ON NORTHERN War Movements—A Candid Article.

From the Charleston Mercury, May 31.

Night and day, for the last two months, has the Northern Government been making herculean efforts in its departments of war. Preparation on the most gigantic scale has gone on steadily and unforgoing under the intelligent and able superintendence and direction of General Scott. An immense body of volunteers have been thrown into camp, and are drilling eight hours a day under competent officers of West Point training. The army at hand have been distributed, and all who are to engage soon in battle have been thoroughly equipped with the best weapons. Factories for the manufacture of cannon, rifles, breech, bayonets, and ammunition of every description, are in full operation at the North during the whole twenty-four hours of each day.

Agents have long since been sent abroad to Europe to procure and forward, as fast as possible, cargoes of improved arms, and already they have begun to arrive. Great efforts have also been made for the health, comfort and supplies of Northern troops. Energy and promptitude have characterized their movements, both in Maryland and St. Louis, and their success along the border has, so far, been complete. They have in the West, obtained and secured the great repository of arms for that section, equipped our enemies of St. Louis, Indiana and Ohio, leaving the resistance men of Missouri poorly provided, Kentucky unarmed and overawed, and Tennessee also with a meagre provision for fighting, dependent on the Cotton States for weapons of defence. Maryland has been cowed and overpowered, Washington rendered as secure as may be, while Virginia is invaded, and Richmond threatened with capture.

In all this military proceedings of the North, since the fall of Sumter, have been eminently wise. For the purpose of overpowering, dominating, and gaining the first advantage, which, both at home and abroad, are of immense importance, the concentration of all the forces available as promptly as possible, has been clearly the course of generalship and true economy. The first blow is said to be often half the battle. The war policy of Scott and the Northern Government has all the effect of the first blow. The final result we cannot, in the slightest degree, doubt. The most significant sign of the progress of the war, upon the number of troops now got ready, and the efficiency of the preparation made for them by the Confederate Government during the same period Scott has been at work. Let us not commit the mistake of underrating our enemy, or of supposing that, in modern warfare, it is only the courage of a people and the relative military talent of their field officers that decide the issue of war. Activity in combinations and bravery in execution, may fail of success where the material is wanting or deficient. An hour's delay of a corps of reserve lost the battle of Waterloo; and Napoleon fought the battle with the best troops in the world. They were cut to pieces.

FUGITIVE OF SENATOR DOUGLASS.—The obsequies of Stephen A. Douglas took place in Chicago on the 7th, with much solemnity, according to the services of the Roman Catholic Church, of which his widow is a member. The turn-out of people was immense, and all business was suspended. He was buried at Cottage Grove, south of the city, on property belonging to him near the shore of Lake Michigan, where the Baptist University is situated of which he was a liberal benefactor.

WAR MATERIALS FOR THE NORTH.—By private letters received from an American at Birmingham, by steamer, we learn, says the Boston Traveller, that large contracts for arms and munitions of war are being made by the Government of the Northern States. Some 30,000 musket barrels have been already purchased.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.

General Patterson has prepared the following address to the soldiers at Chambersburg:

Head Quarters Department of Penn'a., Chambersburg, Pa., June 3rd, 1861.

To the United States Troops of this Department.—The restraint which has necessarily been imposed upon you, impatient to overcome those who have raised their pariah hands against our country, is about to be removed. You will soon meet the insurgents.

You are not the aggressors. A turbulent faction, misled by ambitious rulers, in time of profound peace and national prosperity, have occupied your forts and turned the guns against you; have seized your arsenals and armories, and appropriated to themselves Government supplies; have arrested and held prisoners your companies marching to their homes under State pledge of security, and have captured vessels and provisions voluntarily assured by State legislation from molestation; and now seek to perpetuate a reign of terror over loyal citizens.

They have invaded a loyal State, and entrenched themselves within its boundaries in defiance of its constituted authorities. You are going on American soil to sustain the civil power, to relieve the oppressed, and to rescue that which is unlawfully held.

You must be in mind you are going for the good of the whole country, and that, while it is your duty to punish sedition, you must protect the loyal, and should the occasion offer, at once suppress servile insurrection.

Success will crown your efforts; a grateful country and a happy people will reward you.

By order of Major-General PATTERSON, F. J. PORTER, Assist. Adj. General.

Additional troops have been ordered to Chambersburg. This is understood as an indication that the lines of the Federal army are rapidly closing, and that the forces under Gen. McClellan, in Western Virginia, will act in concert with the Pennsylvania troops for the reduction of the fortifications at Harper's Ferry.

WASHINGTON.

THE DEATH OF DOUGLASS.—The following order was issued by the War Department on hearing of the death of Senator Douglas:

WASHINGTON, June 4th, 1861.

The death of a great statesman in this hour of peril cannot be regarded otherwise than as a national calamity. Stephen A. Douglas expired in the commercial capital of Illinois yesterday morning, at the great age of seventy-four years, leaving behind him a reputation in the cause in which we are engaged—a man who nobly disregarded party for country—a Senator who forgot all prejudices in an earnest desire to serve the Republic—a statesman who lately received, for the Chief Magistracy of the Union, a vote second only to that by which the President was elected—and who had every reason to look forward to a long career of usefulness and honor—a patriot who defended with equal zeal and ability the Constitution as it came to us from our fathers, and whose last mission on earth was that of rallying the people of his own State of Illinois as one man around the glorious flag of the Union, has been called from the scene of life and the field of his labors.

This Department, recognizing in this loss one common to the whole country, and profoundly sensible of the grief it represents among millions of men, hereby advises the Colonels of the different regiments to have this order read to-morrow to their respective regiments, and suggests that the colors of the Republic be draped in mourning in honor of the illustrious dead. (Signed.)

SIMON CAMERON,

Secretary of War.

In deference to universal sentiment, the President will suspend the diplomatic functions of Jas. E. Harvey, Minister to Portugal, by his prompt recall.

A large supply of clothing for the Pennsylvania Regiments has arrived. The exterior of the Pennsylvania boys will now be of a piece with their spirit.

An offer has just been made to the Government for the construction of a steel plated ship, which shall be proof against both shot and shell, and be finished within six months, and be capable of breaching any fortification.

A report is current, based upon information obtained from parties in authority, that, in case of the interference of England in the affairs of this country, the Emperor Napoleon will side with our Government in its effort to put down rebellion. Napoleon will not permit England to cripple her greatest maritime rival. A diplomat as cautious as the French Emperor, however, will not develop his plans until the moment of their execution.

BEHAVE YOURSELVES, BOYS.—The General commanding the New Jersey Brigade has issued a commendable order, of which the following is a copy:

"The peculiar character of the present service renders it proper that the attention of officers and men be directed to the necessity of observing, with the most scrupulous exactness, the rights of private property of the people of the States in which the troops may be. Our errand and purpose are to liberate the loyal from a reign of terror, and to restore to the Government that property which, belonging to the whole people of the United States, has been wrested from them by the traitorous hand of lawless and reckless violence. We are not in an enemy's country. We are bound by every consideration to regard the rights of persons and property here as elsewhere. There must be no plundering, pillage, or wanton destruction. When discovered, it shall not go unpunished. Any interference with the private property will be visited with speedy and exemplary severity upon the offender, and it is especially enjoined upon all officers to report, with the utmost despatch, all cases of illegal interference by persons belonging to their commands with the property of citizens of States where the force may be located."

There are now only four Rebel prisoners remaining at the Washington Navy Yard, who are held under the order of Gen. Mansfield. Thirty-five of them, including the members of the Virginia Cavalry captured at Alexandria, were discharged, on their taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. They said in their letter that they desired to give up their profession and retire to private life.

The ten new regiments for the regular army are nearly organized, and the officers will soon be announced. They have been selected in proportion from all the loyal States.

It is said that the Government does not approve of Cassius M. Clay's defence of the United States in the London Times. It is regarded as a violation of a law forbidding Ministers or Consuls from making any publications on political affairs.

News is said to have been received that the Government of Prussia has received favorably our protest against a recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

Senators and members of the House of Representatives are arriving by every train, and the Capitol is nearly in order for the forth coming session.

The Government has decided that it will not accept any more contributions of money from States, and hereafter will obtain all the funds necessary for the support of the Government through the regular channels.

Large numbers of cars direct from Pittsburgh, Elmira, Harrisburg and other points north and west, reached Washington, bringing come through without unloading. They brought tents, coats, and travelling equipment. The Railroad Car Battery has not yet arrived.

Thirty Rebels, armed and equipped, were captured on the 7th by a company of regulars, who were on a scouting expedition. They were taken at a point about seven miles distant from the Chain Bridge.

MARYLAND.

There was another seizure of guns last week in Baltimore. The guns taken by Marshal Bonifant consisted of eight brass field pieces, with their caissons, belonging to the Eagle Artillery Company and the Junior Artillery Company; also, fifty muskets, twenty sets of artillery harness complete, three hundred pounds of gunpowder, and fifteen hundred round and canister shot. All safely lodged in Fort McHenry. The U. S. troops number now—Fort McHenry 5,000, Locust Point 1,000, Federal Hill 1,000, Patterson's Park 1,000, McPherson's Hill (Baltimore volunteers) 1,500, Fair Mountain 2,000. Besides these, there are in Baltimore county, at Cockeysville, 2,000 Pennsylvania troops, and at other points 5,000 more, making 16,500 in all. Gen. James Cooper, of Md., has been appointed commander, superseding Cadwalader.

ON GUARD.—A Pennsylvania soldier writes of the incidents of standing guard in Maryland, as follows:—We tried to discharge our duty with dignity; but the amusing trepidation of many unsophisticated night walkers sadly disturbed our gravity, and, in spite of all our efforts, well lighted the heroic into the burlesque. In answer to our stern challenge: "Who goes there?" one poor fellow huskily whispered: "It's me—me, Davy Carson; I live just up the hill yonder." Any other ingenious youth, when asked why he was out so late at night, replied, with most refreshing simplicity, that he had "been doing a job of courting." The guard, forgetting his severe dignity, laughed like fun-smitten civilians, saying, "and fat men at that," and the love-lorn swain, reassured by their mirth, passed on his way rejoicing.

MOVEMENT TOWARDS HARPER'S FERRY.—HARRISBURG, June 7.—The advance Brigade of Federal troops, under General Thomas, reached Greenleaf, thirteen miles south of Chambersburg, to-day. This column expects to reach this place to-morrow night, and four brigades are to be pushed forward in rapid succession. Everything looks like decisive action on the line of the Potomac, near Harper's Ferry. The Rebel pickets still occupy the position near Williamsport. The news from the Ferry to-day is, that the Rebels have the Shepherdstown Bridge mined, and ready to be blown up at a moment's notice.

VIRGINIA.

ATTACK UPON SECESSIONISTS AT PHILIPPI.—FLIGHT OF THE INSURGENTS.—Two columns of troops left Gratton on the 2nd, at 10 o'clock, rode and marched all day, and the ensuing night through rain and mud, and fell upon a body of 1,940 disunionists at Philippi. The attacking party consisted of the first Virginia Regiment, part of the Ohio Sixteenth, and the Indiana Seventh, under the command of Col. Kelly; the other two columns were the Ohio Eleventh, commanded by Col. Lander, of Indiana, Light, wagon road, and Porter and Pryor did not accompany the main body. Col. Kelly's division moved east by railroad to Thornton, a small way station, five miles distant from Gratton. Thence they marched to Philippi, a distance of 22 miles. The Indiana Regiment moved out the N. W. V. R. R. to Webster, where they were joined by the Ohio Fourteenth, from which place they pushed forward on foot to Philippi, 12 miles distant. Col. Lander first arrived; Col. Kelly missing the proper road, and not coming in on the enemy's rear, as had been planned. Col. Lander opened fire, and Kelly's men rushed forward, and the disunion forces scattered at once. The U. S. forces pursued, but exhausted by their rapid march, could not overtake the flying enemy. Col. Kelly was shot after the fight by a man named Simms, who was instantly seized. The secessionists were unknown. It was believed to be considerable, as there was a great deal of blood upon the ground, and all along the road in the direction of the flight, on the fences and on every thing in the way of the indiscriminate retreat. Hats, blankets, cloaks, and every imaginable description of luggage, were scattered along the road for more than a mile. The hat and cap of Col. Porterfield, the secession commander, were picked up in the road. The rebels left behind some forty horses, all the provisions, their baggage and camp equipment, and many handsome uniforms, 1,400 pistols, together with some 400 stand of arms, all of which fell into the hands of the victors. Several prisoners were taken besides Simms—among them, D. M. Anvil, Prosecuting Attorney, and Col. Willey, of burned bridge fame. Fifteen bodies have been found in a thicket, near Philippi, after the fight, the rebels had there, and the Indiana discharged their Minie rifles into the bushes to clear them. Col. Kelly will probably recover. The roll, which was also found, showed that the whole number of Rebels in camp was 1,940.

In the late affair at Aquia Creek, it is ascertained that the Rebels lost twenty killed. It is the affair at Fairfax Court House, it is now said that not less than ten were killed.

Arrangements have been made by the Government to rebuild all the bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as fast as they are burned or destroyed. The largest structure can be repaired in four days. When General McClellan advances, the mechanics will accompany the troops. It is estimated that railroad tracks in the State of Virginia of the value of two millions of dollars, have been destroyed.

The reports of the condition of the Rebel forces at Harper's Ferry are so conflicting, that we think it best policy not to give any of them. The advance of the Pennsylvania troops will test the reports.

KENTUCKY.

The proposition in the Mayfield Convention, for the first district of Kentucky to secede and join Tennessee, was negatively voted, 30, says 130. The project is abandoned.

CAIRO, June 7.—General Prentiss, having learned that some Kentucky Secessionists had established a camp at Elliott's Mills, Kentucky, ten miles from here, sent two companies to that place, but when they arrived the enemy had fled.

Col. Weyrich, who represents Kentucky in a semi-official capacity, visited Gen. Prentiss yesterday, for the purpose of protesting against this invasion of Kentucky soil. Gen. Prentiss showed several letters from the Western part of the State, asking protection from ruffians, and declared that it was his intention to send troops in whatever direction and upon such soil as his Government ordered.

TENNESSEE.

A dispatch to the New Orleans Delta, dated Knoxville, May 31st, says that the Union Convention, in session there, passed a resolution recommending resistance to Secession.

If 70,000 votes were cast in the State against it, and submission if less votes were cast. The dispatch adds that the Southern Rights men are determined to hold process on even though they should be in a minority.

A circular address from Nashville to the Union Men of Tennessee condemns the course of the Governor, deprecates the raising of troops, deprecates Secession as a curse, and urges them to place Tonn once beside Kentucky, to keep out of active participation in the war. It also says that late information leads to the hope that the manly effort will succeed, and a large Union vote be polled in Middle and East Tennessee.

A special dispatch from Knoxville, dated the 4th inst., says that John Bell made a speech there, urging war to the death against the North, and declaring that 5,000,000 of the North could not conquer.

The Post-office at Memphis has been discontinued—the Postmaster refusing to do his duty. All letters for that place must be forwarded to the dead-letter office at Washington.

Bauregard was recently arrested at Memphis as a spy. He was there incognito. He had to send for Philip to identify him.

TEXASIAN ELECTION.—The returns from Nashville and that portion of the State indicate that Middle and Western Tennessee have gone nearly unanimously for secession. We are not able to say yet, how full the vote was. It is hoped that East Tennessee has done better.

MISSOURI.

We have at length an explanation of the cause of Gen. Harney's removal. It seems that the War Department had ordered the arming of the Home Guard of the Missouri towns as U. S. reserves, and Gen. Lyon did it, but Harney took ground against it, and had not done anything to protect the persecuted Union men in these places. He is, therefore, superseded. Col. Lyon is already pursuing a different policy.

ARKANSAS.

It is reported from Arkansas that General Lane, of Kansas, with 7,000 troops, is paying a visit to the Western part of that State. The rumor of such a distinguished visitor naturally causes some excitement. The account is probably exaggerated.

EVEN AUSTRIA DISGUSTED.—Letters recently received from gentlemen high in position at the Viennese Court state that Lord John Russell's declaration that the British Government would accord the privileges of belligerents to the Southern rebels filled all the members of the Austrian Cabinet, as well as the diplomatic body, with as onishment and disgust, called forth by the double-dealing of England, her treachery to her own principles, and her ingratitude to the Free States.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

[We see the following in a contemporary, entitled as the composition of "Abraham Lincoln, Esq., of Illinois, now President of the United States."]

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud! Like a swift fleeting meteor—a flash of fire—like a flash of lightning—a break of the wave—He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade, Be scattered around, and together be laid; As the young, and the old, and the low and the high, Shall crumble to dust, and together shall lie.

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Wit and Humor.

A SUBLIME POEM.

We are indebted to an inspired individual, signing himself "Mr. Smith, of London," for a copy of an extraordinary poem, entitled, "A Legend of Margate," in which the comical differences and horrible doom of a newly-married couple are feelingly described. Mr. Smith commences with a life-like picture of his ill-fated lovers:—

"They married in the summer time
As I have not remarked before;
His name was Clarence Fitz Moreose,
And she was Ann Augusta More.
And oh! they made the bridal trip
To where old Margate's waters roar."

In the next passage, we have a delicate intimation of Ann Augusta's instability:—

"At Tivoli, on Margate's shore
The pair enjoyed a graceful hop,
Where Mrs. Clarence Fitz Moreose
Met Mr. James Adams Pop,
Kiss, who had come from Sandwich, where
He kept a decent barber shop."

Though no disclosure is made, yet the reader cannot fail to suspect that this meeting at the "hop" will prove disastrous to the peace of Mr. Fitz Moreose presently. The next verse justifies this sad inference:—

"Then Ann Augusta danced with him,
Regardless of her marriage vows,
And suffered him to wait on her,
And her high Corinthian brows,
Yes, she beneath the very nose
Of that unhappy man, her spouse."

The next verse informs us how Mr. Popkins insisted upon dancing with Ann Augusta all the evening because "he knew her when a child." At which Mr. Fitz Moreose feels so desperately outraged, that he invites both parties to visit the East Cliff, immediately, determining to wreak his fiendish vengeance there. Mr. Smith thus describes the harrowing scene on the cliff:—

"They stood together on the ledge—
The husband, barber, and the wife—
And Clarence Fitz Moreose turned pale
As infant child deprived of life,
While all the trio gazed upon
The foaming tide with battle rife."

Next we have a strikingly dramatic exhibition of passion:—

"Woman," said Mr. Fitz Moreose,
"I saw you as a child on that young man;
And I swore vengeance instantly.
When I beheld him kiss your face,
So here he goes to Kingdom Come,
And, madam, save him if you can."

Finally, we have a vigorous report of the grand catastrophe:—

"He pushed young Hopkins from the cliff
Into the roaring tide below,
And when Ann found him sinking fast,
She sprang from off the rock, also,
And Clarence madly followed her,
Exclaiming, sadly, 'Here's a go!'"

Mr. Smith might have concluded this touching domestic poem a little less abruptly, but, perhaps, it would not have left such a deep impression upon the minds of the readers, in that case, as it does now. Taking everything into consideration, however, it strikes us that Mr. Smith can make more money in some good trade—shoemaking, for instance—than as a poet, and we would advise him to cut the muse at present.

THE NEW ZOUAVE TACTICS.

Now, the Zouaves are all very well, but fellows who join just to have the privilege of wearing red trousers, and jackets with shiny buttons on, under the idea that this is all there is of a soldier's life, will most likely find themselves slightly mistaken. We want nobody in our corps who isn't strong, well-built, and able-bodied; for we expect, when the fighting really does commence, that we shall have to do the most of it, and the hardest of it—so you fellows who have sent us word that you are coming, may think better of it, and either stay at home, or get well up in your gymnastics before you show yourselves in Washington. Why, you'd hardly believe it, but we had forty recruits offered last Saturday, and there were more than half of them that couldn't lift a thousand pounds a piece, three of them couldn't jump but twenty-eight feet high, five of them couldn't throw the commonest double-barrelled musket without taking off their knapsacks and laying down their muskets, and one fellow presented himself who positively couldn't walk on his hands and carry his sword-bayonet between his toes. Such lamentable ignorance of the very first requirements of Zouave practice can hardly be believed.

We are getting along pretty well in our drilling now, and we ought soon to be proficient; for we have had twenty-one hours' drill a day for the past three weeks. We get along splendidly in our peculiar tactics for the application of gymnastics to military purposes.

Ellsworth has introduced some entirely new features into his system. For instance, every man has now to carry, strapped to his knapsack, a small plate of boiler iron, about the size of an old-fashioned dripping pan. These plates are half-proof, and are used in making what we call the "Zouave fort." This ingenious structure is formed in this way:—Rows of men stand on the ground in the required outline of the fort; other fellows stand on their shoulders, and all, as they stand side by side, interlock their plates of boiler-iron, so as to form a half-proof surface toward the enemy—embrasures and loopholes are left at the proper intervals, of course. Columbiads and rifled cannons are at once mounted in the embrasures, and the rifle corps take their station at the loop-

holes, and in a few minutes we can pepper our enemy all to pieces.

Sometimes we mount a few barbette guns on the shoulders of the fellows in the top row; but we had rather not do this, as it exposes the gunners, and holding six rows of men, with their arms, ammunition and fort-plates, with three rows of heavy guns, is considered enough of a load for the lower row of men to carry, without the extra weight of barbette guns.

As it is, some of the lower row of fellows have to hold a weight of two tons and a half, which they can do for five hours without flinching. At the end of that time, however, the colonel finds that he must give his fort a lunch, or else it begins to get weak in the lower story.

You can see at once the tremendous advantage of having a fort that you can erect in four minutes in the very teeth of the enemy—a fort, every stone of which can fight—a fort that can't be stormed, and that can be taken down and set up in another place the very instant the enemy bring any heavy guns to bear on it.

We are training a set of men now for the lower story, who shall be able to run with the new-fashioned edifice on their backs for the distance of a mile and a half.

Imagine the utter astonishment of an enemy at seeing a strong fort deliberately pick itself up, and, with a burrah, run over into the very heart of their lines, and then open its batteries on them at a yard and a half distance.

Imagine the consternation of a storming party, on getting their scaling ladders all ready for a determined rush over the walls of a fort, to see that fort suddenly drop all to pieces, and each particular stone transform itself into a stalwart soldier, with a sword-bayonet in his hands, a pair of revolvers in his belt, and a long knife between his teeth.

And then imagine, if such a thing be possible, one regiment surrounded by a crowd of exulting enemies, who think to butcher the "pet lambs" at their leisure, how it comes about the enemies aforesaid to see the "lambs" instantly make themselves into a fort, and announce themselves ready to hold out against a fortnight's siege.

Very well, these are just the things we hope soon to do.

That your readers may have an idea of the style of drill we go through, I'll tell you. We get up at two in the morning, and have summer-drills for two hours by squads, then by companies, and then we form in regimental line, and turn fourteen summer-drills forward, and fourteen backward, to the tap of the drum, keeping exact time, loading and firing revolving rifles at a target as we come forward; and firing at another target as we go back, with a revolver in each hand. If any balls are found more than an inch and a half from the centre, the man is discovered and put on columbiad guard for the day; this means keeping guard all day with two ten-inch columbiads tied across his shoulders.

After summer-drill, we have jumping and firing in the air by platoons for two hours. At the word of command, the platoon jump thirty feet straight up, firing at an object fifty yards in advance, the instant they reach their extreme altitude. This sort of practice the colonel thinks will be remarkably useful in firing at an enemy concealed behind breastworks.

Then we have breakfast. Each man's breakfast is put in his haversack, and hung round his neck, and he has thirty minutes allowed him to eat it in—during that time he must run five miles and walk two miles and a half, jumping twenty-seven ditches, each forty-six feet four inches wide. Then we have fort drill for six hours; then one hour for dinner, which is eaten while each man is standing on his head. Then two hours of running, during which time every man is expected to accomplish from thirty to fifty miles, according to the weight he carries. A man who runs light, with only his knapsack, rifle, ammunition and his tent, must do his fifty miles, but the fellows who carry the ordnance are let off a few miles. A man with a mountain howitzer must run forty-seven and a half miles. A fellow with a full sized brass six pounder has to get over his thirty-nine miles, while the half-dozen men who carry our six heavy columbiads are let off with but thirty miles a piece.

Then we have a few hours of general gymnastics and feats of strength, the principal ones of which are, "pitching the howitzer" and "putting up the columbiad." Some of our men can pitch an old iron six pounder we have for that purpose three-quarters of a mile, though the general average is not more than half a mile and a few rods over. There is not a man in the regiment who can't "put up" a ten inch columbiad in each hand, like a pair of dumb bells.

After gymnastics, we have our new fort-drill till midnight, when we are detailed for guard and "gallows duty."

This last is another new feature of the Ellsworth tactics. It is an invention for the benefit of secessionists. In case of a capture of spies or other obnoxious vermin, seven men are detailed to form a gallows, which they do in the following manner:—

Three fellows stand on each others' shoulders for one post; three other fellows stand on each others' shoulders for the other post; then one very tall Zouave lays himself across the shoulders of the two top men, for the beam, then they receive a rope through the waistband of the beam's trousers, and hang the spy in the most approved style. It is estimated that this kind of gallows will be very useful in a sandy country, where there are no trees to hang your prisoners to.

By this slight account, you will perceive that if you are going to send any new Zouave recruits, they must be men of the right sort. After one month from to-day, the Colonel won't take any man who can't lift two tons and a half, run twenty-seven miles without stopping for breath, jump over an ordinary two-story house, and swim a mile and a quarter under water.

It would be better, also, for him to have



A POSER.

PROFESSOR PUPIL.—"Please, Miss Jones, what is the meaning of suburbs?"

GOVERNESS (who is sufficiently crinolined).—"The outskirts of a place, my dear."

PUPIL (seizing Miss J. by the dress).—"Then Miss Jones, are these your suburbs?"

some preliminary practice in our new way of repelling a charge of cavalry, which is to disarm your dragon, the legs under his horse's belly with his sword-belt, and then take him, horse and all, under your arm, and run to the rear with him.

If you've got any men of this sort, you may send them along early, for we have still, for such fellows, a few more places left. I get time to write this letter, having been excused from drill by the colonel, on account of Simpson's dropping the 11-inch columbiad on my left big toe, this morning. Simpson always was a clumsy rascal.

Fiercely.

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. E.

AN UNFORTUNATE QUESTION.—A clergyman was in the habit of dealing with a slaughterer named Paul. He had a negro servant who generally attended to the marketing. One Sabbath morning, as the clergyman was engaged in expounding Scripture to his congregation, at a given point he elevated his arm and exclaimed with much vehemence, "Brethren, what says Paul?" of course, meaning the Apostle. The negro servant being in the church, and supposing the question addressed to him, vociferated at the top of his voice, "Mass, Paul says you can't have any more meat until you pay up the old score."

A SORT OF GENTLEMAN.—Mr. Child, the banker, desiring to hire a valet, one of those gentry presented himself, and inquired what wine Mr. Child allowed at the second table?

"Port and sherry," replied Mr. Child.

"I like a glass of Madeira, sir," returned the valet.

"Why," said Mr. Child, "there is the curate of the parish who cannot afford himself a glass of wine of any sort."

"Ah," replied the valet, shrugging his shoulders, "I always pity that sort of gentleman."

BREAKING IT UP.—Bells.—"Really, Fitzjames, I am most sorry that the fifty crisis has affected your financial affairs so seriously as you say, but as I must accede from my engagement with you; so hereafter you will consider our proposed union forever dissolved. I shall always be glad to have you call occasionally."

AN ECCENTRIC TRAVELLER.

We have heard of an Englishman who went abroad with the design of taking an extensive tour on the Continent, but who was diverted from his purpose by finding himself so comfortable on board a certain canal boat in Belgium, that he went no further, preferring to be a daily passenger in the boat, which went and returned between certain limits on alternate days. There is more than one version of this story, which we believe to be founded on fact. It seems to be agreed that the gentleman started on his intended tour in 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo; that he landed at Ostend with the design of pushing on to Brussels, and that the canal boat which arrested his progress was one that plied between Bruges and Ghent; starting one day at Ghent, and the other at Bruges. According to one account which we have heard, the individual in question went abroad not merely to see foreign lands, but in the hope of meeting with illustrious personages and distinguished characters, which will account for his making for Brussels in 1815. Finding, however, that on board the boat he not only fell in with many persons worth meeting, but had the opportunity of sitting down with them to the table d'hôte, he thought he could not do better, and went backwards and forwards, never getting farther than Ghent.—Notes and Queries.

DISTANCE OF THE STARS.—Were an inhabitant of this earth to ascend into the air one hundred and sixty millions of miles, the fixed stars would still appear no larger than human points. Incredible as this assertion may appear, it is not a chimerical idea, but a fact which is effectually proved; for about the 10th of December we are more than one hundred and sixty millions of miles nearer the northern part of the heavens than we are on the 10th of June; and yet we never perceive any increase of magnitude in the stars.

FIGHTING.

After all, what would life be without fighting, I should like to know? From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the business—the real, highest, honestest business of every son of man. Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places, or Russians, or Border ruffians, or Bill, Tom or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has thrashed them. It is no good for Quakers, or any other body of men, to uplift their voices against fighting. Human nature is too strong for them, and they don't follow their own precepts. Every soul of them is doing his own piece of fighting, somehow and somewhere. The world might be a better world without fighting, for anything I know, but it wouldn't be our world, and therefore I am dead against crying peace when there is no peace, and isn't meant to be. I'm as sorry as any man to see folks fighting the wrong people and the wrong things, but I'd a deal sooner see them doing that, than that they should have no fight in them.—Tom Brown's School Days.

MENTAL AND CORPORAL SUFFERING.

There is a pretty Persian apologue on the difference between mental and corporal suffering. A king and his minister were discussing the subject, and differed in opinion. The minister maintained the first to be most severe, and to convince his sovereign of it, he took a lamb, broke its leg, shut it up, and put food before it. He took another, shut it up with a tiger, which was bound by a chain, so that the beast could spring near but not seize the lamb, and put food also before him. In the morning he carried the king to see the effect of the experiment. The lamb with the broken leg had eaten up all the food placed before him; the other was found dead from fright.

Useful Receipts.

WATER-PROOF CLOTH FOR SOLDIERS' OVERCOATS.—Twenty thousand tents rendered water-proof and yet porous, were served out to the French army during the late war with Russia. They were prepared after the following recipe:—

Take 2 pounds and 4 ounces of alum, and dissolve it in 10 gallons of water; in like manner dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in a similar quantity of water, and mix the two together. They form a precipitate of the sulphate of lead. The clear liquor is now withdrawn, and the cloth immersed for one hour in the solution, when it is taken out, dried in the shade, washed in clean water and dried again.

This preparation enables the cloth to repel water like the feathers of a duck's back, and yet allows the perspiration to pass somewhat freely through it, which is not the case with gutta percha or India-rubber cloth.

INORDINATE THIRST.—To those who have a strong desire to drink great quantities of water in summer a writer gives the following advice:—

"Take the twig of a birch, elm or other tree having a pleasant taste, and cut it into several pieces about half an inch in length each. Keep one of these in the month while travelling or working in the sun for about an hour, throw it away and supply its place with another, and thus continue during the warmest hours of the day. By following this advice, a person will feel no more desire to drink in warm than cool weather."

SIMPLE CURE FOR SORE THROAT.—The editor of the Farmer and Gardener states that a gargle of salt and water has completely cured him of a sore throat and hacking cough, from which he had been suffering for many years past.

LAMP LIGHTERS.—A subscriber to the American Agriculturist says:—"Uninjured straws of rye, oats and wheat, cut in lengths of about six inches, are valuable for lighting candles or lamps. Placed in a glass or other small vessel, on the mantle or shelf they are quite ornamental. The above may be valuable in districts where waste paper is scarce."

ENGLISH LONG BOWS.—The English long bow was the height of the archer, and made of yew, hazel, ash, or hawthorn. The cross bow was more clumsy in its construction, the arrows moving in a solid groove. The arrows were straight, and of different lengths; Robin Hood's arrows were a cloth yard, or ell, of forty-five inches, and his bow six feet. Four arrows can be discharged in the time occupied in loading a musket. The arrow was of yew, pointed with iron or steel; the feathers were three, one gray, to guide the eye. A sheaf contained twenty-four arrows.

Agricultural.

INCOMBUSTIBLE WASH.

During the hot and dry season, serious accidents sometimes occur in consequence of the highly combustible nature of the materials used for roofing. Pine shingles, after being laid a few years, often become covered with a fine, short moss, which, when dry, is almost as easily ignited as punk, and a spark falling upon the roof, soon envelopes the building in a blaze.

To make a cheap wash for the roofs of buildings, take a sufficient quantity of good stone lime, and slack it carefully in a close box, or mortar bed, to prevent the escape of steam, and after slacking, pass it through a sieve. To every six quarts of this lime, add one quart of rock or Turk's Island salt, and one gallon of water. The mixture should be boiled and skimmed clear. To every five gallons of this, add, by slow degrees, three-fourths of a pound of potash, and four quarts of fine sand.

Coloring matter may be added. Apply it with a common paint brush. A writer, in speaking of this wash, observes:—"It looks better than paint, and is as durable as slate. It will stop small leaks in the roof, prevent the moss from growing over and rotting the wood, and render it incombustible from sparks falling on it. When applied to brick work, it renders the bricks utterly impervious to rain or wet, and endures a longer time than any paint I ever used. The expense is a mere trifle; in fact, scarcely deserving of mention."

The walls of out-buildings are frequently coated with this wash, as well as the roofs, and are thereby rendered much more durable. It is said that clapboards put on without planing, if coated with this cement or wash, last much longer than when planed and painted.—New England Farmer.

CHESTER COUNTY BUTTER.—A writer in the Country Gentleman, says:—"The best butter in this country is admitted by connoisseurs to be made in the dairies of Chester and Delaware counties, in Pennsylvania, from meadows a hundred years in grass, and which the owners never think of ploughing up. The soil is said to be a foot thick, and consequently little affected by drought. This butter is appropriated by the markets of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; and a person once accustomed to its aroma and flavor, becomes fastidious for life in that article. The dairy people work their butter with a damp cloth, upon a marble or hard wood slab, instead of a bowl or ladle, rinsing and wringing the cloth in cold water as often as it becomes saturated with milk. The butter will not become waxy or salvy by this process, as it is made perfectly dry with half the manipulation. A single trial will convince of this. Of course, the butter must be salted and cooled, and time allowed for the salt to be entirely dissolved, before it is worked for packing or for table. The cloth must be close in texture, and not at all linty; a lump of ice will prevent the butter becoming oily in very warm weather. An ounce and a half will be found about the right quantity of salt for a pound of butter by this process, as the cloth extracts more salt than the ladle."

A NEW VEGETABLE.—There has lately been exhibited at several meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society (London) a new vegetable, which promises to become a permanent institution among kitchen-garden crops. It is a cabbage in the form of Brussels sprouts. The stem is about a foot high, bearing on its summit a good-sized hearted cabbage of the ordinary character; but the stem is covered with small cabbages, about the size of a small desert apple, and these when cooked form an excellent dish, partaking of the flavor of a nice summer cabbage, and without the strong Savoy flavor which distinguishes the Brussels sprouts. The merit of producing this variety is due to Mr. Wm. Melville, Dalmeny Park gardens, near Edinburgh, and a very good name by which to distinguish it would be to call it Dalmeny Sprouts.

CHOICE OF DAIRY COWS.—One of the Delaware county premium dairymen remarks, in the last volume of N. Y. State Transactions, as the result of much experience and observation on this subject, as follows:—"If a man wishes to buy a dairy cow for beauty, with a handsome red color, nice horns, and of a trim, sprightly appearance, let him go to the Devons. If he wants to get those of large size, good consumers, such as will make the most beef when he has done milking them, let him go the Durhams and Herefords; but if he wishes to buy a profitable cow for the dairy, he will quite as likely find it among the Ayrshires, or among the common stock of the country, as anywhere."

TO FREE SWINE FROM VERMIN.—A writer in the Southern Planter says:—"If your hogs are lousy, go to their rubbing place, or what is better, take a rough twelve foot log to the feeding place, and keep it constantly smeared with tar. No spaviler ever loved water better than a lousy hog loves tar, and he applies it himself, to the most infested spots on his body, so effectually that the lice speedily disappear. I have seen 95 out of 96 hogs smear themselves with tar in less than thirty minutes after they had access to it; and not one had ever known its use before."

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 38 letters.
My 1, 18, 23, 27, 34, 35, 24, is a division of Asia.
My 2, 35, 28, 2, 32, 24, is a river in Asia.
My 3, 20, 29, 19, is a gulf in Europe.
My 5, 17, 31, 15, 26, 2, 23, 34, is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 6, 11, 10, 8, 7, 11, is a city in Spain.
My 7, 11, 12, 3, 9, 16, 22, 15, 18, 21, is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 8, 20, 39, 18, 19, 38, 36, is a power on the Eastern Continent.
My 9, 33, 5, 13, 28, 9, is a river in South America.
My 10, 34, 22, 28, 15, 14, 20, 32, 3, is a town in England.
My 11, 20, 29, 35, 30, 30, 11, is a lake in the United States.
My 12, 25, 37, 11, is a cape in Africa.
My whole is contained in the columns of the Saturday Evening Post.
Philadelphia. WM. TOLBUT TOTTER.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 33 letters.
My 16, 11, 8, 4, 21, 23, is a principal river of North America.
My 7, 12, 30, 10, 22, 4, is a volcano of Victoria Land.
My 9, 25, 32, 8, 15, 23, is a principal island in Europe.
My 37, 29, 32, 18, 21, 16, 13, 4, is a peak of the Rocky Mountains.
My 28, 16, 24, 5, 25, 9, 2, is a principal lake in the United States.
My 1, 5, 24, 30, 4, is a county of North Carolina.
My 6, 15, 8, 30, 23, 20, 9, 5, is a town in Brazil.
My 9, 29, 26, is a cape of Russian America.
My 3, 5, 31, 19, 4, is a sound of Greenland.
My 18, 22, 25, 33, 15, 14, is a county of Georgia.
My whole is the words of a brave man who was killed in the Revolutionary War.
SAMUEL FÖRBERG.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
The hunter with his dog and gun
Walks 'mid the forest trees,
And listens to the sound of me
Upon the morning breeze.

Standing on the lawn or wayside,
By you no doubt I'm often seen,
When pleasant summer-time has come,
And clothed me with a garb of green.

Sometimes of water I am formed,
And am pronounced quite good,
You'll see me in your barn, perchance,
And then I'm made of wood.
Warren, Vermont. HARP DAVIS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
My 1st's in high but not in low.
My 2nd's in heaven but not in thim.
My 3rd's in ale but not in rum.
My 4th's in musket but not in gun.
My 5th's in thistle but not in thorn.
My 6th's in night but not in moon.
My 7th's in pen but not in sty.
My whole is a man in office high.
R. S. LAIRD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
My first, a native of the ground,
In English countries much prevails;
My next's in every county found,
My whole was never out of Wales.
SAMUEL LAIRD.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
1,500 bullets are placed in a triangular pyramidal pile, after the first row placing each bullet in the groove formed by the preceding ones in the repeated layers; but the pile is not finished out to a single bullet at the top; the last layer consisting of 15 bullets. Now if the said unfinished pile is found to be 4 feet 5 inches (55 inches) in perpendicular height, what is the diameter of each bullet? The pile well secured at the base, so that the bullets therein cannot roll apart by the weight of the other bullets resting thereon. DANIEL DIEFENBACH.
Kratzerelle, Snyder Co., Pa.
An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Bought 100 boxes of fruit for \$210, and by selling for \$250 per cwt. I gain 25 per cent. The weight of the boxes, one with another, is requested? WM. D. STRATFORD.
An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

What key will unlock most men's minds?
Ans.—Whiskey.
What is the difference between a diseased cat and a piano? Ans.—There is no difference, for out of both proceeds miew-sick, (music) Oh!
When does mow see have a fatty taste? Ans.—After it has been in a hog's head.
What indicates a house of mourning? Ans.—The chimney's weep (chimney sweep).
Why is the seeing of a sign a manifest token of sight? Ans.—Because it is a sign you see.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Japanese Embassy, the Great Eastern, and the Prince of Wales. CHARADE.—Worm-wood. RIDDLE.—Past. DOUBLE REBUS.—Damascus, in Europe. DRAUGHTS.—Andaman, Melville, Amami, Scheyler, Chicago, Uaup, Seine. ANAGRAMS.—George Washington, Horatio Nelson, Charles James Stuart, Henry Peterson, Napoleon Bonaparte, James Stuart, Andrew Jackson, Arthur Wellesley.
SILK VELVETS.—Little do the ladies who wear silk velvets know the wretchedness of those who weave them. It is a laborious task to watch, mend and regulate the thousands of threads in the warp, and small are the wages paid. It is even stated that some operatives, in despair at the difficulties of their task, have ended their lives by self-destruction.